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THE
FORUM
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HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Next Month

and later

TAXES SAVE THE BOOTLEGGER

Edward Angly

During the Prohibition era, the government tried for fourteen years to drive out the bootlegger — and failed. That ubiquitous gentleman is still with us and likely to be, the author claims, as long as federal, state, and local governments persist in levying the present high taxes on hard liquor and its sale.

THE PSYCHIC SIDE OF SEX

Ernest R. Groves

The sex problems that trouble modern men and women are not chiefly biological in character, the writer claims. From a mere physiological hunger, sex has become a brain experience, and the solution of our difficulties lies in patient accumulation of scientific knowledge on which to build a program that will conserve the welfare both of the individual and of society.

TOBACCO — A NATURAL REVOLUTION

Ferdinand Kabus

When tobacco was first introduced for human consumption, the medical world strongly condemned its use. Science shows, however, that nature herself sets to work to protect the delicate tissues of the breathing organs. The smoking of tobacco, Mr. Kabus declares, is seldom damaging to the system, while it is frequently an aid to mental relaxation and well-being.

AMONG THE YOUNGER WRITERS

Mary M. Colum

Another of Mrs. Colum's careful appraisals of modern literature. In it she will evaluate the work being done, in both prose fiction and poetry, by some of the newer American and British authors who have been publishing during the past summer and autumn.

FIGHTING COMMUNISTS IN CHINA

Madame Chiang Kai-Shek

The wife of a great Chinese war lord writes a thrilling narrative of her experiences following her husband's armies — by sedan chair, airplane, gunboat, and sampan — through bandit-infested country devastated by savage and merciless opponents.

THE PRICE OF THE NEW DEAL

Arthur E. Morgan

Many people are asking, "Is the New Deal worth what we must pay for it?" The Chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority points out that the spirit in which we ask that question and the spirit in which we answer it will determine the extent to which a New Deal will actually prevail in American life.

HUMBLE LIVES IN THE OZARKS

Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing

The members of the Rabbit Ridge Women's Club back yonder in the Ozarks are bored with all the talk and writing about the new leisure. Most of them are half-naked and more than half-hungry. Leisure is a word that means nothing to them. There may or may not be a forgotten man, but these are surely forgotten women.

OTHER FEATURES

"Are We Psychic Beings," by J. B. Rhine; a discussion of the constructive part that war veterans *might* play in our national life, by Charles M. Kinsolving; "The World as I Want It," by Gutzon Borglum; "Muddling Through to Citizenship," by Charles H. Seaver; "The Rules of the Game," by Ernest Seeman; "Woodcut of a Prisoner," a short story, by Irving Stone.

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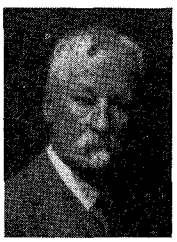
H. W. NEVINSON'S IN THE DARK BACKWARD

Front-page reviews in the *N. Y. Times* and *N. Y. Herald Tribune* greeted the new book by the noted war correspondent, scholar and traveler who has witnessed the making of history on many battle fronts and who brings great scenes of the past together with his own experiences. He describes the Dardanelles in the Great War, and sees in the same scene the fall of Troy — only one of many swift and vivid chapters. "A fascinating record, and an uncommon book that will yield uncommon pleasure." — *J. Donald Adams, N. Y. Times.* $2.50



APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA

by JOHN O'HARA

A vivid and vitally true novel of modern American life, hailed by many able judges as distinctly worth-while. "Too good to be true . . . ever since I've read it, I've gone around knocking on wood." — *William Soskin.* "Just about the most sheerly readable novel within miles. . . . A decade hence, it is something we will want to look up. Today it is something we cannot lay down." — *Clifton Fadiman, New Yorker.* $2.50

JOHN T. FLYNN'S SECURITY SPECULATION

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

SECURITY SPECULATION: ITS ECONOMIC EFFECTS, by John T. Flynn (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00). If Wall Street has a black list of noxious books, Mr. Flynn's will head it by a margin as wide as any broker's. It is his thesis that speculation (defined as the buying and selling of securities with a view to making a profit out of changes in their market price) is deeply injurious in its effects upon the community and renders no essential service. Aided by an impressive array of figures he demonstrates that speculation does not, as claimed, furnish any significant quantity of new capital funds, that it was responsible for building up neither our railroads nor our major industries, that it is to blame for an inflated burden of debt and huge issues of watered stock, that the real beneficiaries of security speculation are a small group of brokers and insiders. How the sucker is trimmed, how the market is rigged, how the dice are loaded against the general public are all brilliantly expounded, but these points are subsidiary to Mr. Flynn's main theme — that speculation in securities is not necessary for the financing of American industry. That Mr. Flynn is radically minded is obvious; that he would prefer to abolish, rather than to control, security speculation is easy to guess. He never, however, loses track of practical possibilities, and his analysis of abuses, together with his criticism of the weaknesses in the new Securities Act, is not the least valuable part of a book which will give small comfort to the financial world.

STRONG MAN RULES, by George N. Shuster (Appleton-Century, $2.00). This thoughtful and temperate study of Nazi Germany should serve as a corrective or balance wheel for those who have read *Hitler Over Europe.* Mr. Shuster stresses the popular origins of Hitlerism where Henri, in his more startling analysis, insists that nothing could have happened without the backing of the industrialists of the Ruhr. Hitler, says Mr. Shuster, organized Germany's bonus army. He is an adroit politician of a kind familiar to experienced democracies but quite strange to the Reich. Because Germany was so unused to the ways of party politics it was easy for the old soldiers' faction, with its closely knit organization, to triumph. Mr. Shuster is superficial when he undertakes to discuss unemployment, the condition of labor, and economics, but he makes up amply for this in other respects. Being a Catholic, he has studied the crisis of German Christianity with particular care, and his excellent sections on the religious, and especially the Catholic, opposition to Hitler have been borne out by the recent plebiscite. This is not a sensational book, but it is a good one.

ALL'S FAIR by Captain Henry Landau (Putnam's, $3.00). With few obvious qualifications save intelligence and a knowledge of four languages, including Dutch, Captain Landau was appointed, in his early twenties, to head the Military Section of the British Secret Service in Holland. This was in 1916, and his immediate task was to reorganize the train-watching system in Belgium and occupied France. How he did so, how he built up a devious network of spies, couriers, and "letter boxes" to report on German troop movements is the main theme of an unusually exciting, straightforward, and honest book. The gaudy paraphernalia of Hollywood spy stories is lacking in Captain Landau's memoirs, but they are thrilling on their own terms, because one recognizes their truth. This is the kind of thing the secret service really did, and, though beautiful women spies play no part in them, Captain Landau's reminiscences are both dramatic and illuminating. His post-war adventures and his stories of peacetime espionage are necessarily of tamer quality, but they round out satisfactorily a book which takes one behind the scenes and permits one to realize what military intrigue is actually like.

DUSK AT THE GROVE, by Samuel Rogers (Little, Brown, $2.50). The $10,000 Atlantic Prize has been given this year for the first time for an American novel — and for one which, in this reviewer's opinion, is much more distinguished than its predecessors, *Jalna* and *Peking Picnic.* It is a quiet, leisurely, and curiously lovely story of a clergyman's family which had a beautiful, old summer place near Newport, its own for several generations. All the really important things in the Warings' lives happened at the Grove. The three children looked forward with rapture to their summers there by the sea; it was an intimate part of themselves; as they grew older they turned to the old place for refuge and peace. Time flows over the Warings, from 1909 to 1931, changing them in many ways, while the Grove remains forever the same. Mr. Rogers has written a very fine and subtle novel, in which many things happen but happen so gradually and inevitably that there is no sense of artifice. His book has roots and dignity.

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THE BOOK PARADE

CHEAPJACK, by Philip Allingham (Stokes, $2.50). Who says that the upper-class English are becoming effete? Having left Oxford abruptly and having been a failure at a succession of conventional jobs, Mr. Allingham boldly decided to become a professional fortune teller. In top hat and dress suit — a uniform to which he clung throughout his carnival career — he set out on a round of local English fairs and, amazingly enough, was a brilliant success. Later, when he undertook to sell and demonstrate hair curlers, he was even more successful. His forthright and amusing autobiography is a grand picaresque yarn, full of the ways of "grafters" — those odd folk who work at fairs — of gypsies, of barkers, and of all the strange vagrants he encountered on his wanderings. Different as his background had been, Mr. Allingham was on excellent terms with these people; he learned their colorful and almost unintelligible slang; he absorbed, without compunction, all their tricks and wiles. There is no "fine writing" in this racy and artless book, no attempt to doctor reality with glamour. Incredible as his story is, one believes it because Mr. Allingham recounts his adventures so directly and unselfconsciously.

LOVE ON THE DOLE, by Walter Greenwood (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). For grimness and shocking realism no recent study of poverty has excelled this novel by a young English workman who has himself been on the dole. It is the story of Hanky Park, an industrial township near Manchester, and of people whose cramped, sub-marginal lives are darkened still further by the depression. Painful as it is, *Love on the Dole* is not a drab or dreary book. The pathetic love stories of the brother and sister who are the chief characters have a live, immediate reality, and the darkness of the total picture is lightened by a rough, healthy humor which distinguishes Mr. Greenwood from the average proletarian novelist. This book deserves the popularity which it won in England and should have here.

SO RED THE ROSE, by Stark Young (Scribner, $2.50). In this grave, mellow novel of Civil War days, Mr. Young compels one to recognize the truth in an ancient maxim — namely, that the planter aristocracy of the old South developed a culture and a way of life never again reproduced in America. His rather tragic story of the Bedfords and the McGehees, two families which owned large plantations near Natchez, recreates brilliantly the virtues and characteristics of that vanished social order and should make even a skeptic believe that the traditional old South did indeed exist. One may deplore his slurring over of the conditions which made such an order possible and

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THE BOOK PARADE

one may feel that he is too susceptible to the charm of his aristocrats, but there is no denying that his novel is highly successful within its limits — a mature and polished performance.

FULL FLAVOUR, by Doris Leslie (Macmillan, $2.50). When it is really good, as in the present case, the chronicle novel is a particularly satisfying kind of fiction. Miss Leslie spans both the Victorian and the Edwardian eras, building her story about a woman who was too much of a personality to belong wholly to either. Catherine Ducrox was born in 1848, the daughter of a tobacco merchant of French-emigré descent. Pretty and childishly appealing as she seemed, Catherine had iron in her, and on her father's death she startled mercantile London by taking over his business and brilliantly retrieving it from ruin. Her business success, however, spelled doom to her marriage, for Richard, the mercurial artist whom she loved so unwisely, could not accept her divided allegiance. After he had deserted her and died, she married a sturdy business man who had waited for her twenty years — and then watched her child and grandchild struggle in their turn against the pitfalls of temperament and emotion. The book ends in 1914, when Chris, the grandson, goes to war, leaving the reader with a heightened sense of a period rich in change, in color, in rugged personalities. But Miss Leslie never permits the background to steal the story. *Full Flavour* is a fully rounded and very dramatic novel.

IN THE DARK BACKWARD, by Henry W. Nevinson (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). A romantic, something of a mystic, a confirmed traveler, and one of the most widely experienced of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Nevinson has undertaken, in this unique and curious book, to report distant events lost in the abyss of time. Always, he says, he has been inclined to live in two ages — present scenes and events recall to him what has happened in the same spot centuries past. So it is that he gives us seventeen moving recreations of history, each suggested in the midst of contemporary adventures sometimes almost as exciting as the past itself. While in the Dardanelles, during the war, he relives the fall of Troy; the battle of Actium takes shape again when he is with the Greek army in Epirus; a dangerous mission to the west coast of Africa naturally evokes the worn ghost of Livingstone. Veteran war correspondent that he is, Mr. Nevinson is a little too fond of revivifying ancient battles, but on the whole these dissolving views of history, are remarkably successful. Particularly recommended are the chapters on Diocletian, Rabelais, Bonnie Prince Charlie, Byron, and the sinking of the *Titanic*.

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BASKET FOR A FAIR, by Laura Benét (Doubleday, Doran, $1.75). The work of Laura Benét, so different from that of her brothers, must surely correspond to George Moore's definition of "pure poetry." It is fragile, neat, delicately witty; her images and choice of words are exquisite and precise; her inclination is toward the elfin and the fantastic. A few of the poems in this admirable little book may be too rarefied for the general reader, but hardly anyone will be able to resist the enchanting poems about animals which round off the volume.

GOING ABROAD, by Rose Macaulay (Harper, $2.50). "Buchmanism on the Basque Coast" might well be the subtitle for this gay, preposterous comedy, which is lightly satiric but never really unkind. A Basque summer resort, with its usual vacationing crowd of English eccentrics, is suddenly invaded by some youthful Oxford Groupers, brightly determined to change and save whom they may. Their efforts are intensified when an odd and irregular kidnapping isolates the English among some Basque peasants in the mountains, and the most unlikely sinners of all temporarily seek salvation. Miss Macaulay has been amusing at the expense of all her pleasantly freakish characters and has made mock of the Buchmanites with particularly pointed skill.

RICO: BANDIT AND DICTATOR, by Antonio de Fierro Blanco (Houghton Mifflin, $2.00). Whether this is a satire on dictatorship or on democracy it would be hard to say. At any rate it is an imaginary biography, immensely entertaining, of a Spanish-American tyrant who was reputed to be the son of an exiled Austrian archduke. Rico was bloodthirsty — but always, he claimed, in the interests of benevolence. He despised women. He knew how to deal with those who inconvenienced him. His maxims for rule would startle even a Hitler, but they have about them a kind of barbaric common sense. Quite as good in its fashion as *The Journey of the Flame, Rico* is a surprisingly deft blend of satire, fantasy, and realism.

CANDLES IN THE STORM, by Robert Littell (Harper, $2.50). A New England summer colony, frequented chiefly by artists, writers, and the like, is the setting for Mr. Littell's first and skillfully written novel. Except for a few dilettantes and bores, the inhabitants of Bridgewater were hard-working folk, solider than their surface eccentricities would indicate. They were Bohemians but they were not neurotics like Fernanda Milbank, a beautiful widow, predatory and inordinately vain, who shattered their quiet, tangled their lives, and eventually brought down tragedy on her own head. Mr. Littell has varied his types amusingly and has built up very well the atmosphere of a summer place on the Woodstock model. Nevertheless, because of a certain emptiness and lack of force, his book is not so good as one would have expected from a writer of his attainments.

APPOINTMENT IN SAMARRA, by John O'Hara (Harcourt, Brace, $2.50). As any reader of his "New Yorker" pieces knows, Mr. O'Hara has an accurate ear for the rhythms of American speech. It seems now that he also knows country-club modernism cold. The scene of his novel is a medium-sized Pennsylvania town, and its leading characters are a handsome young couple which appears to be enviably among the lucky ones but which is in reality doomed. Julian English and his friends are hard-drinking, hard-boiled people, clever but not callous, and vividly up-to-date. The book is real, if at times flashy, and has an insight and an almost tragic quality for which the futile conventional background does not prepare one.

HOLY DEADLOCK, by A. P. Herbert (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Both forceful and amusing, this is essentially a propaganda novel attacking the rigid divorce laws of England. John and Mary Adam, two decent and honest young people, wish to be divorced as amicably as possible. They find themselves thwarted by a system which drives them to fraud and hypocrisy and eventually dooms their hopes. Mr. Herbert has a talent for deadly attack, and he exposes the fatuities of the English law with a happy blend of malice, earnestness, and humor.

TALE WITHOUT END, by Lilo Linke (Knopf, $2.50). This very unusual book is sponsored by Storm Jameson, whose acumen one cannot sufficiently admire. It is a narrative of a trip through France, written in English by a young German girl, a Social Democrat, now in exile in England. Because she was in love with one of them, Lilo Linke went on a bicycle trip to Paris with five German boys who had been her fellow students at a workers' college. Tortured by her unhappy love affair, Lilo finally left the boys after a week in Paris and struck out on her own. She lived with peasants, fishermen, silk weavers, wine growers, and was accepted everywhere as a friend and equal. Her story reveals Fraulein Linke as finely representative of that generation of idealistic German youth which has been suppressed or scattered by the Nazis.

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SEX HABITS

A VITAL FACTOR IN WELL-BEING

By A. Buschke, M.D. and F. Jacobsohn, M.D.

Specializing Physicians to the Great Continental Rudolf-Virchow Hospital

Foreword by Gerard L. Moench, M.D.

Associate Professor of Gynecology, New York Post-graduate Hospital, Columbia University

SUBJECTS EMBRACED

THE SEX ORGANS (Male, Female)
SEX INTERCOURSE (Analysis, Nature, Methods, Frequency)
SEX DIFFICULTIES (Adjustment, Technique)
MARRIAGE (Sex Aspects, Instruction)
VALUE OF REGULAR SEX INTERCOURSE
SEX HYGIENE (Precautions, Directions)
THE SEX IMPULSE (Contrasted: In Men, In Women)
SEX VARIATION (Physical, Psychological)
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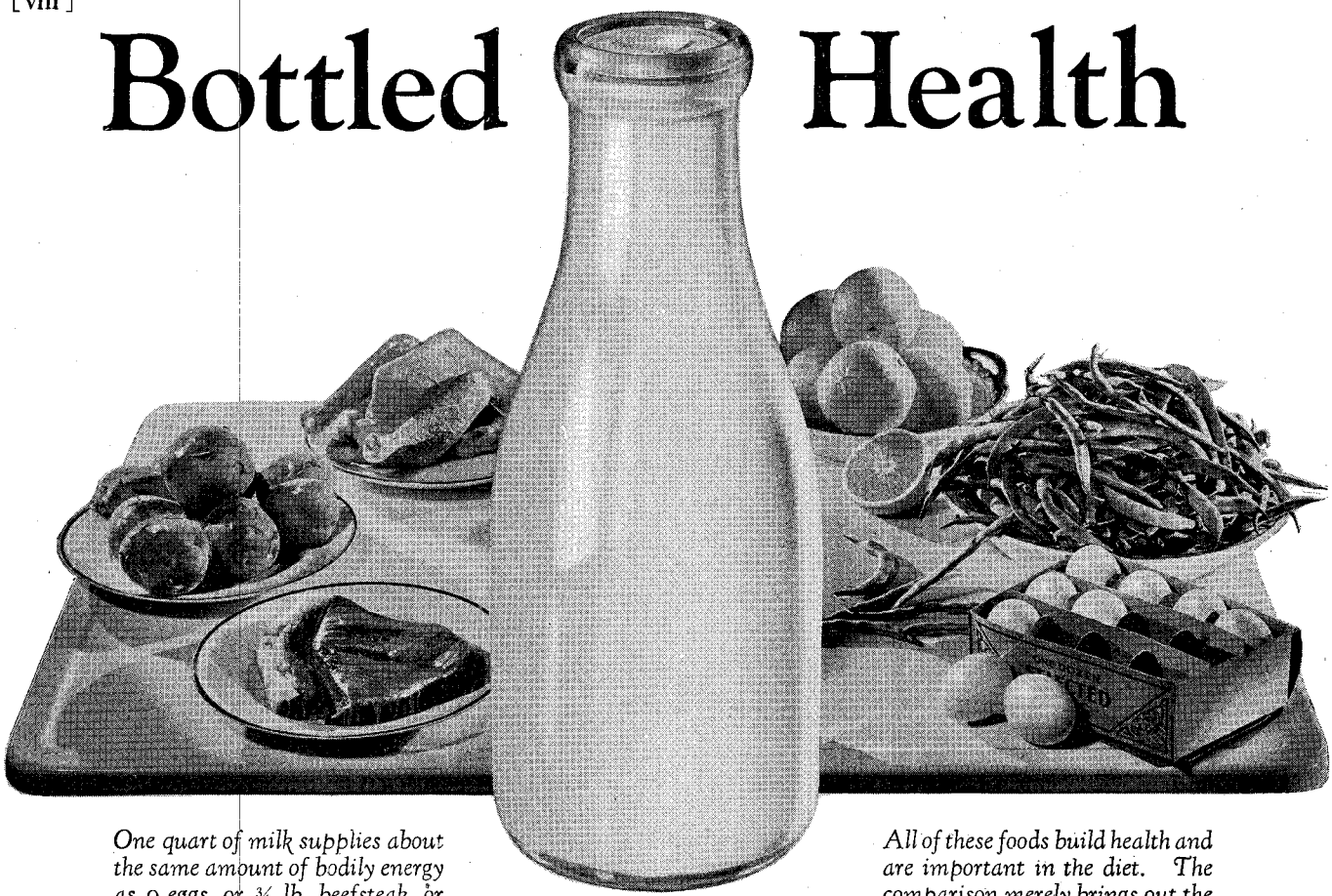

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THE
FORUM
AND · CENTURY

OCTOBER, 1934 VOL. 92, NO. 4

WANTED: A TRAINED PUBLIC SERVANT

Editorial Foreword

In our engineering laboratories I suppose we are the most professional people on the face of the earth. But in the science of government we Americans are probably the most amateurish of all so-called civilized peoples.

In England, boys begin studying to become public officials in boarding schools and graduate from college ready to stand for election to Parliament or to compete in examination for some appointive public-service position. The serene continuity of British foreign policy, carried on by gray-haired civil servants whose names never figure in the press in times of political upheaval, stands out in proverbial contrast to our vacillating, hit-or-miss uncertainty in diplomatic intercourse.

And Russia, which some say is a hundred years behind our Congress in political knowledge, is starting from scratch but training its youth in a knowledge of government that is thorough and ruthless and is making a statesman out of every citizen boy or girl. At this rate she will make us seem very foolish indeed in political efficiency in the next fifty years. That the Soviet Union takes public life seriously becomes evident when we read of Soviet officials being executed not for malfeasance in office but for mere ignorance.

The eminent California physicist, Dr. Robert A. Millikan, recently criticized the New Deal because of the growing government regulation of private life. "In America," he is reported, "the state is performing these normal and proper state functions so very badly, so deplorably inadequately, that even if it were right in principle to extend its functions outside its normal field, a totally blind person could see that the time has not yet come to do it."

Dr. Millikan can summon to his laboratories thousands of young experts to carry on the experiments of physical science. But he knows, as the apprehensions he has here expressed reveal, that America has not at her beck and call any comparable body of men technically trained in the field of government to assist elected officials.

This shortage of craftsmen in government was keenly felt when President Roosevelt undertook to lead America out of the depression by orderly processes instead of revolution. He had to comb the byways and hedges for technical recruits, to bring professors from agricultural colleges and even from Europe. The so-called Brain Trust has been ridiculed by business men for its lack of practical experience. But national necessity demanded these academicians, and their services have been greater than their errors.

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Similarly, when LaGuardia became mayor of debt-ridden New York City, he faced the same need of experts competent in government. He had to issue an SOS to whom he could find, to invite men even from outside his own state, and no questions asked about their party affiliations. These men were invited to manage departments of city government — parks, prisons, schools, health, police — more complicated in their structure, more exacting in specialized knowledge than most private industries. The City of New York had reached the brink of revolution against the waste and inadequacy of a city managed by men — however brilliant as vote getters, however able as politicians — to whom statesmanship was a derisive dream and whose knowledge of the fundamentals of government was so meager that they seemed, when faced by economic crisis, no better than faltering fools.

II

TRUE, AMERICA has her civil service, her trained personnel in army and navy, her increasing corps of silent scientists in federal departments. This is a good beginning, but the total supply of able, trained minds to be drafted for government is as yet totally inadequate to cope, except slowly and laboriously, with the present breakdown in means of livelihood, in public education, and in law observance. The President cannot be everywhere. He needs thousands of civil experts to lift our social order from a century of backwardness and put it shoulder to shoulder with our boasted mechanical apparatus — now rusting and deteriorating, waiting for society to catch up.

Our army jobs are well serviced by West Point; our navy, by Annapolis. But the federal government must establish also a training school for diplomats, to provide a personnel of sharpened minds that shall eradicate forever the traditional ridicule in which the American foreign service is held abroad. All federal departments should have, in addition to private universities, federal institutions of higher training, from which to draw staff recruits.

III

PRINCETON has set a shining example to the colleges in establishing a School of Public and International Affairs. Harold Willis Dodds, formerly head of the School, is now President of Princeton University. As educators throughout the country come to realize that government service will inevitably in the future offer more opportunities for trained youth than in the past, the leadership of Princeton in educating for civil service will be followed by other colleges. Georgetown University, for one, has a School of Foreign Service providing training for the diplomatic branch.

One of the first graduates of Princeton's school was Otis T. Wingo, Jr. This young man of twenty-three is now Executive Secretary of the newly established National Institution of Public Affairs, with offices at 1001 Fifteenth Street, Washington, D. C. This organization proposes to create "internships" in federal administration. Beginning February 1, next, a number of college-trained men and women, picked from junior and senior classes and also from graduate schools and recent graduates, will be brought to Washington and given the opportunity to serve as administrative assistants to men high up in government. These scholarships will afford a training in public affairs analogous to that which an intern receives in a hospital or an engineer in a laboratory. The National Institution is now receiving applications for these scholarships.

Soon the public schools as well as the colleges will awake to the possibilities of government service as a career. But the government must itself co-operate, by offering to those who would choose civil service as a career an adequate salary scale — an incentive which is, at the present, non-existent.

Let America now prepare and prepare swiftly and eagerly a new civil-service class of clear-thinking young men and women, trained for the new humanitarian era, to take root in city and federal government and gradually to drive out the elements which thrive on graft and racketeering and which until now have made American political life distasteful to the better class of citizens.

I invite anyone who recognizes the imperative need for non-political and efficient administration of the vast interests of the American people to co-operate with THE FORUM in urging a New Deal in government service.

Henry Goddard Leach

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THE PRIVATE LIFE OF STAVISKY—I

BY JAMES WHITTAKER

The material used in the three installments of this article was obtained partly in 1926, when the author was doing newspaper work in Paris, and partly since then, from what has been freely printed in the press.

In 1926 Stavisky was arrested on the complaints of three women, who said that he, operating in conjunction with Arlette Simon, Paris cloak model, had mulcted them of savings, using a "gigolo" technique. While he was in detention, a banker (who was never named) made the complaint concerning the kited check which has been used here. There was never a trial. Stavisky evaporated from jail without publicity, but, before doing so, he suddenly and cinematographically married his mistress, Mlle. Simon. It was in connection with this marriage that his attorneys announced the tale of the fortune teller and her prophecy of the child which would bring Stavisky luck.

While it has frequently been hinted that Stavisky killed one or both of his parents and it is a fact that his father died in peculiar circumstances, the son's guilt was never proved, nor was he ever formally accused of the deed. The suggestion that Stavisky did not die at Chamonix is merely a supposition, as is the conjecture of his responsibility in the death of Judge Prince.

In the articles as they stand, the following are names of authentic individuals: Stavisky, his parents, Arlette Simon, her two children, Judge Prince, Smilovici. Banker Duvert and Mme. Regina are fictitious names of actual persons. Faralicq is the author's composite of half a dozen Sûreté men who worked on the case over a period of years, but this work is authentic as it is described.

THEY DID the best they knew how. They remembered that a suicide's wound shows contact burns, that the course of the bullet must be upward from the right, that men who are young enough to die with a woman in mind aim from the temple inward, so that the face will remain intact. They committed Serge Alexandre (Sascha) Stavisky's suicide in the chalet on the winter-bitten slope above Chamonix as he might have committed it himself, had he been there.

They did all this by the warrant of patriotism. If they failed there would be riots in Paris, maybe revolution. Unless they brought back proof that the Bayonne pawnshop swindler was caught and the rape of a million French stockings avenged, the government might fall, and, with it, heads. For the Frenchman is not like your crazy American, who giggles over his losses and screams with laughter to see Sam Insull skittering around the Mediterranean like a mad water bug, but takes being fleeced as seriously as being shot and craves the blood of the man who murdered his pocketbook.

Well, there *were* riots in Paris. They made February, 1934, uncomfortably like a recurrence of September, 1793, complete with guillotine. And the government did fall. And it is not yet certain that France was really saved.

Something went wrong, then. What was it? A disgraced ex-minister stewing in African exile, a whipped administration whip sulking on a bench in the Chamber of Deputies, and a premier whose dreams of dictatorship blew up in his whiskers would like to know. In a panic they go back to start all over again. The body is exhumed to prove once more, painstakingly, chemically, microscopically, that Stavisky died; nay, to prove that any such fabulous creature as Stavisky ever lived.

They are having their troubles, these statesmen, as a sure consequence of any attempt to doctor history, which is that, through processes of revision, its heroes dumfoundingly evaporate. It was out of all those volumes of fantasy on the theme of Napoleon that came finally the super-volume of them all, the masterpiece of a German logician who demonstrated from the evidence that Napoleon never was.

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Perhaps that is what they have set out to do, fictionize Stavisky into thin air, and perhaps it will work. An alternative not yet tried nor hinted once in all the cryptic gibberish which has been carried by the news dispatches of Paris date line would be the truth, which is a good story too.

Drawings by Lewis Daniel

II

Sascha Stavisky had a father. In due course, dentist Emmanuel Stavisky was murdered. But once he was a merchant in a Russian interior city. He had become involved in one of those incredible Muscovite conspiracies which end with all actors dynamited, disemboweled, demented, or playing balalaikas in a cellar off Broadway. What issue required of the elder Stavisky that he sacrifice his house, his homeland, his wife, and thirty-two teeth is immaterial to the story of his son. But there is to be gleaned a tale of a trick used by his enemies to track Father Stavisky down. It is told that the searchers dealt with a small, sharp-faced boy intercepted on his way home from school and shown a bright ruble which would be his if he whispered the secret of where his father hid.

And it is maintained (these Russian tales being complete in their hideousness) that the boy ran into the fields and hid three days and that when villagers found him he kept his distance until they shouted that he must wash and dress for his mother's funeral and that only then did he turn and come with them, saying:

"If she's dead, then I can come home."

While his house was being sacked and his wife butchered, Stavisky senior lay gagged. The gag was an iron dumb-bell. The head of the dumb-bell was too large to enter the mouth easily, so it was rammed in. Both jaws were stripped of teeth. . . .

In Berlin, exile Stavisky learned that a toothless foreigner does not land good jobs. Emmanuel struggled. He took out of the public library technical volumes on mechanical dentistry. Nights, while small Sascha slept, in a tenement kitchen, with cement mixed in a salvaged pot held over a gas flame, a pair of pliers, and a pocketknife, he fashioned himself two dental plates after the pattern in the illustration in a German translation of an American standard work. . . .

The reception nurse in the offices of the American dentist interrupts her employer hesitantly. He will not be delighted by the information that a Russian pauper is in his waiting room. But, on making grudging examination of his new patient's mouth, he exclaims, "You made those yourself?"

Emmanuel nods. The American whistles and chuckles over the homemade teeth.

"You need metal here and here, and that flange should cover the gum; see?" he points the errors. "But do you want to learn mechanical dentistry?" . . .

Sascha Stavisky is twenty-four years old, a youth of the sloe-eyed, moist-lipped, pompadoured type the French call *bel homme*, when Stavisky senior, after lo! these many wanderings and an apprenticeship in middle age, is established solidly in the comfortable premises at 5 rue de la Renaissance, Paris, marked by the bronze plate: "Dr. E. Stavisky, dentiste américain." Title and description are honest. He has passed his doctorate in Berlin, and his technique, thanks to the Berlin sponsor, is authentically American. The equipment, too, is all New World. French dentists being obliged at that period by the steady inflation of the franc to stock heavily the gold used for stopping cavities, there is one gadget which is his especial pride — a tray for gold fitted into a slot in the wall of his operating room so cleverly that its presence there will never be guessed.

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French professional men practice in their homes. On the other side of the wall secreting the tray of gold is son Sascha's room.

III

In Paris they also have stock-exchange bucketeers, who are quite as expert as their Wall Street cousins in the use of lures. On Sascha Stavisky (oh yes, that champion angler of them all made his beginning as another angler's catch) they used the big white bait, woman.

She was big enough, surely, weighing just under three hundred pounds, and, if Mme. Regina of the rue Quatre-Septembre had been dipped, no doubt she might have come up white.

When she was dragged in to tell the police what she knew about the earliest Stavisky swindles, she could not remember at first which of the many victims she had beaten into bucketeer nets the man they were talking about had been. When they told her that they meant the one who paid with pellets of dentist's gold, she went into hysterics over a memory.

"The fantastic, little Russian, yes! He was priceless! Didn't he want me, one day, to find him a wife within the hour? Any fee, if I'd guarantee her to have a baby within the year. I could have obliged him with the janitor's daughter and guaranteed a baby within the month, but he rushed off and hasn't been back since. What a card!"

The police made no sense out of the obese crystal gazer's gabble and sent her on her way after securing her cheerful admission that she had "worked on" the credulous client at the instance of her brother-in-law, the curb brokers' runner, who slipped her the tip that young Stavisky was the son of a rich dentist and that he was dabbling in the market with money realized by selling stolen dental gold.

The police guessed badly in dismissing Mme. Regina half-heard. Interpreted then, her tale might have forestalled two coming murders and a world of corruption.

Sascha was a prosperous man's son kept within a schoolboy's allowance and raging within its bounds. Thrift was the mark of those toothless years in the Berlin tenement on the father, but the son had been young then and remembered poverty but dimly, and he could think of his father's frugality only as parsimony.

Anyway, he needed self-justification for what he did. He got himself tools and cut a slot in the wall of his room. It continued with mathematical precision the similar slot in the wall of the father's operating room. There were two users of the shuttling drawer full of gold.

As Sascha's market losses mounted, ways had to be devised for hindering the two-way drawer from being pulled so far into the operating room as to reveal to the dentist that the rear compartments had been looted. It was easy at first. Sascha set stop pegs in the compartments he emptied. Obviously, however, Dr. Stavisky could not be fooled forever. Sascha's depredations from the drawer reached the halfway mark. Then he heard his father, at work in the next room, complain that the device had jammed. It was on this day that he visited the oracle of the rue Quatre-Septembre.

The affinity of ticker tape and fortune telling is a phenomenon of speculative centers all over the world. It bothers the New York police, for instance, just as much as it does the Paris Sûreté. The only particularity of the affinity as it is expressed in Paris is that it is flaunted

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there. The signs of the sibyls, the card readers, the mediums, the seeresses festoon all the streets leading toward the Bourse. You have but to choose. Any one of the sisterhood can forecast you infallibly the daily positions of the market for the next twenty years and slip you the card of an accomplice bucketeer as she palms her fee.

What we want of Mme. Regina, though, is the rigmarole she sold to the uneasy consultant who paid with a pellet of fluffed leaf gold.

"When will my luck turn?" is what he wanted to know.

Mme. Regina's opinion, delivered with the customary heavings and pantings, became the heart of the Stavisky mystery, through the effect the nonsense had on Sascha's acts. She could quote the whole interview readily, furnish a typed copy of it, indeed, because she had sold her nervous client multigraphed Revelation No. 4, the one she always handed out to young married men. Sascha was unmarried, but Russians wear rings wherever they fit.

"We tell young married men the fortune with the unborn baby in it," Mme. Regina told the police and quoted abracadabra meaning, in simple terms, "Your luck will turn to good when your wife is with child and will stay good until the child is born."

The fateful thing is that Sascha took the ten francs' worth of mumble magic literally and obeyed its dictates unswervingly. He was utterly convinced. He was also monomaniacally determined to recoup his losses before his father should inquire into the reasons for the jamming of that drawer.

IV

THE FAMOUS *couturier* is having a spring showing, and the world has been trampling through his salons in the rue de la Paix. The manikins who strut in his fineries all day long are desperately tired, this being the second week of this kind of thing; fourteen hours on the floor, five minutes for changes, the hard eyes of overseers on you at all times, a fine deducted from your pay for every time you make a nervous lunge and rip a seam.

In the dressing rooms, tired, young eyes look dubiously into mirrors to estimate the ravages of fatigue. The thought behind the eyes is that the thinker is twenty and comely, that for this she is paid the price of room and board, that beauty cannot survive this usage and when it is gone, little girl, what then?

Some of the girls have answers. Arlette Simon, the last year's recruit, escaped from a home of genteel poverty in the provincial city of Arles, has no answer. She has green eyes and a tight mouth. Her body, five years ahead of a fad, is long and slim. She is very beautiful.

Mlle. Paulon, the head, in robe of black, appears at the door. The girls meekly groan. This can mean only one thing, a belated buyer and a hasty scramble to stage yet one more floor show.

"Just as you are," commands Mlle. Paulon and takes her monitor stand at the door.

The girls obey incuriously. Some are in street clothes, their own. Laggards are in evening gowns worn at the last regular parade. A few are caught betwixt and between but with the indifference of live dummies come forward in whatever they are wearing of underclothes. Arlette Simon, in tailored blue, is a weary fifth in line.

Entering the public salon, the ladies look with disfavor on a rather presentable young Slav before whom they are to parade, for they begin to suspect he is a photographer, and that will mean two hours more of overtime while the idiot fumbles with his lights and stinks. The visitor raises his hand.

"The fifth, the young lady in the blue tailor," he says.

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"Arlette!" calls Mlle. Paulon. "I'll need you. The others may go."

The visitor lingers to instruct Arlette. He is secretary to a rich man, M. Georges Alexandre of number 4 rue Edouard-Detaille, in the Parc Monceau section, where the Rothschilds and the Murats live. M. Alexandre's wife is convalescing from an illness, and her husband wishes to cheer her with a bedside showing of gowns, most of which she will buy. Mlle. Arlette resembles Mme. Alexandre in coloring and measurements more nearly than any other girl on the floor.

V

It is not a butler who opens the apartment door but the secretary who selected her out of the manikin line. Arlette awards him a small smile of recognition, and he explains. His people have just moved in from the country. Things are still a bit upset. Arlette notes the dust covers on the furnishings and nods. The only piece which has been dusted recently is the foyer table on which the messenger from the shop has piled the cartons of gowns.

"Where shall I do my changes?" she inquires practically and suggests a drawing-room at hand.

He approves and disappears abruptly toward the back of the apartment. His manner has been curt and nervous. "M. Alexandre's secretary is handsome," thinks Arlette.

There is a rap on the door, and Arlette catches her skirt about her hips. It is the secretary again, paler and more nervous than before. He has something to say but can't get it out. His eyes would frighten most girls but not Arlette of Arles, as self-reliant, quick, and sharp as they come. She suddenly sees through the sham and, fearlessly, wastes no time denouncing it.

"There is no M. Alexandre and his sick wife," she declares and leaps to a conclusion. "You're a style pirate."

Sascha Stavisky shakes his head. His color comes back, and his eyes burn.

"Do you believe in crystal gazing?"

She might answer with anything. But, as it happens, she replies truthfully, "Yes, I do." She listens noncommittally to his tale of the fat clairvoyant of the rue Quatre-Septembre.

"I'll be lucky until the child is born," expounds Stavisky, skipping a great deal. "Give me that long a run of luck, and I'll be rich."

She does not blush. Why blush? There is no third person here to judge the deportment of a young lady suffering an affront to her modesty. None but these two, alone in the musty, silent subleased room, where the only life is a collaborative thought, not yet quite formed, suspended between them, full of implications of peril, guilt, no delight.

She seems to hesitate, and Sascha reaches a decision. It is that he will tell this slim stranger the rest of it, his dilemma and the plan for exit, the beginning and middle of the story, and invite her to take the share of an accomplice rather than the fee of an agent in shaping its end.

When you think on Arlette coming then and there to her not-immaterial decision, you go far afield in speculation on the feminine temperament. And you remember as relevant instances the Kiki Robertses, the Lottie Colls, the Bonnie Parkers, the Flo Scarnicis who have popped up, vivid, vital, and vibrantly happy women, in the wakes of spectacular criminals.

So Arlette follows the twists of Sascha's tale of thefts from the paternal gold hoard sagaciously, making no outcry over the moralities. Perhaps she too had parents who were strict. She earns Sascha's respect for her shrewdness by stopping him at the place which he also knows to be the weak one in his plans.

"You have only a few days before your father finds out why the gold drawer sticks. With all the luck in the world you can't recoup in time, not on the market, anyway. I should be just in time to go with you to jail."

"But the crystal gazer's prophecy!" he protests.

"Is that all the explanation I get?"

"If I miss and go to jail, it will be better for you to know nothing when they question you. That way, your only crime will have been to love a thief."

"Oh . . . love. . . ." She singles out the word to echo it dubiously.

But, dubious or not, Arlette goes along.

Continued in the November FORUM

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MORALS AND THE MOVIES

BY EDWARD L. ISRAEL

Some months ago I appeared before a committee of Congress in behalf of the Patman Bill to censor motion pictures. I have had sundry qualms of conscience ever since. In fact, my opening words on that occasion were an indication of my inner turmoil. Here is how they appear in the record: "I would like to say at the very outset that I have been consistently opposed to all forms of censorship, whether it be a censorship of the kind of the Eighteenth Amendment or another form." Yet, there I was, to defend a movie-censorship effort. I was really offering what I felt to be a serious educational problem. I cherished then and still cherish innumerable doubts on the solutions proposed by the professional moralists.

Since that day in Washington, there have been startling developments in the efforts to purify the movies. Chief among these has been the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency. Bishops of that great church all over the land have, from pulpit and lecture platform, by word of mouth and by ecclesiastical edict, urged the faithful to boycott the picture houses which show blacklisted films. That arch-zealot for pictorial purity, His Excellency Dennis, Cardinal Dougherty, of Philadelphia, went even further and advocated a Catholic boycott of all movies until such a time as he might decree that the entire industry had toed the moral mark. True, his college colleague, Patrick, Cardinal Hayes, of New York, did not support even the less sweeping boycott; but the great majority of the hierarchy followed the doughty Dougherty spirit rather than that of the more temperate Hayes. Millions of Catholics signed the pledge, and terrified movie producers, chagrined at the inability of Presbyterian Elder Hays to placate the enraged episcopacy, designated a Roman Catholic underling of Hays as the chairman of a committee to work out a peace pact.

American Protestantism, not to be outdone by the Catholics, entered the fray. Events even now move so rapidly that one scarcely sets down a description of the state of things before the account is outdated. The latest news from Protestant circles at this moment is that Dr. Worth N. Tippy of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America estimates that from four to eight million American Protestants are ready to enlist in the Protestant purity campaign. This matches the assertion of the Catholic magazine, "America," that eight million members of that church have been asked to sign the pledge put forward by the Legion of Decency. Whatever the reason, theological competition or co-operation, Catholics have welcomed the Protestant participation in their Legion, while the Protestants, through Dr. Tippy, have returned the compliment by inviting any Catholics who so desire to sign the special Protestant pledge. There is a hot debate in the Protestant group as to which pictures are to be boycotted and who will determine this. The Catholic body, with more highly centralized authority and a more positive set of opinions as to the nature of morality and immorality, has no such problem.

Jewish religious organizations have followed in the wake of this Christian leadership. The Jewish tardiness in adopting a more aggressive attitude on the subject of movie censorship has not been due to the sinister influence of Jewish movie magnates or any Jewish lack of moral conscience, as current anti-Semitic propaganda would have it. The Jews, as a minority group, have simply feared intolerant repercussions. They have been a little more consistent than the other minority religion, American Roman Catholicism. Most Jews have feared certain forms of movie censorship for the same reason that they feared the prohibition movement. The chief agitators for all

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forms of prohibition and moral reform are the same propagandists who are aiding and abetting blue laws, religious interference with the public-school system, and various other forms of endeavor which, if successful, would imperil minority rights in America. Possibly already somewhere back in the minds of the Roman Catholic movie reformers is the dread suspicion that quite a few of their allies in this purity effort are rather unpleasant bedfellows, who would welcome a chance to suppress American Catholic liberties in matters of parochial schools, sacramental alcoholic wines, and the like.

II

While the formal Jewish participation in the movie battle has consisted of several emphatic declarations by rabbinical conventions condemning salacious films, there have been far greater informal efforts on the part of Jewish groups to reform conditions. Many of these efforts antedated the Catholic and Protestant agitation by several years. Individual rabbis, Jewish religious organizations, and non-religious bodies like the Anti-Defamation League of the B'nai B'rith, a Jewish fraternal order, have attempted on many occasions to point out to Jewish movie producers that the salacious pictures which they produce are not only detrimental to the moral welfare of the community but that, in so far as they furnish unjust but potent material for the anti-Semite, they constitute a menace to Jewish welfare. These efforts have had few or no results. That Jewish movie producers are impervious to Jewish public opinion is evident from the glaring fact that Jewish religious and fraternal bodies have been unable to succeed in having these producers eliminate from their films many distasteful Jewish sequences or characters which might foment anti-Jewish feeling. The Jews, as a body, are no more responsible for the Jews in the movie situation than are the Protestants responsible for Bankers Harriman or Mitchell or even J. P. Morgan. Or, for that matter, for the many Christian movie producers and Christian bankers who control them.

Although the religious groups are co-operating in the attack on the movies, a keen analysis of all the motives would constitute a compendium of the varying sacred moral philosophies. The grossness of many movies cannot be denied. Yet, there are the Torquemadas who look upon sex in its most casual exploitation as a type of heresy which is to be hunted down by the fiercest inquisitorial methods. They will brook no compromise. Their judgments are dogmatic and final. The treatment of the culprit is to be summary. It is the opinion of many social commentators that this point of view is not a majority Catholic attitude. It abounds to an even greater degree in certain Protestant circles and may even find spiritual support among some fanatical Jews. It is the ubiquitous censorial mind which finds a third meaning where only a double one is intended.

Among the ranks of the reformers you will also discover that ascetic type which feels that the solution of the problem of evil is to flee temptation. It is assumed that the magnetic power of human weaknesses exploited on the screen is irresistible, and the sight of them must therefore be taboo to frail mortals. This is the same sort of censorship which imagined that the "curse of drink" could be cured by closing the saloons. The collapse of that noble experiment has not yet convinced the devotees of this philosophy of the fallaciousness of their program.

There are others who are not at all determined that censorship is the answer to the movie mess but who feel that anything is preferable to the terrible drivel that is the average output of the studios. The movie industry has shown phenomenal capacities for making the exploitation of sex dull and sordid. The best films, such as *Little Women*, *Disraeli*, *Cavalcade*, and their kind, have been those where it was not necessary to treat the problem of sex. These finer films could be produced under any sane censorship — if such there be — and we would be free from the welter of boring and dreary efforts to jazz up sex themes. Such is the expressed or covert idea of many liberals who have concluded that an experiment in rapping the knuckles of the movie industry would have no detrimental effects. The trouble with this attitude is that, once the principle of censorship gains sway, the fanatic and not the liberal will be in the saddle, and the possibility of experimentation to develop in moviedom a technique for handling any sort of sex theme in an inter-

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esting, intelligent, and civilized manner will be entirely stifled.

By far the greatest mass sympathy with the outburst of religious zeal for censorship of the salacious arises from a time-honored bit of sacred psychology. Since the most ancient days, sinners have learned to vent their rage upon their sins instead of upon themselves. During the war, a married welfare worker in France confided to me how badly he felt about the French prostitutes — how he was so disgusted that, whenever he finished with one of them, he kicked her out of bed forthwith. His rage at the tart was his atonement. The greater the rage and the more cruel her expulsion from bed, the more he felt forgiven. So the American masses with regard to the movies.

It is the public which has flocked to the worst vulgarities and made them profitable which now kicks the prostitute out of bed by supporting the cry for suppression. That is the proverbial atonement of the conscience-stricken sinner.

III

No intelligent observer of the movie world questions the validity of the attacks which are being made on filmdom. The bases of reproach, however, are far more profound than the average censor reckons. The crass vulgarity, the rank mediocrity, the puerile plots are just as sinful as the false morality or blatant immorality. The movies certainly need a tonic, but it will have to contain intellectual and æsthetic ingredients as well as moral, if there are to be any substantial gains.

It is the menace of mediocrity which is the greatest danger of all this propaganda for cleansing the films. That they need cleansing is apparent not only to the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish Gods and their followers but to anyone with a sense of decency and the finer human values. The dilemma of the problem becomes clear, however, when we ask ourselves a very simple question. Are the standards of the regenerated and purified movies to be those which are adaptable to everyone in the average movie audience, where the ages range from five to eighty? (I do not stress the additional fact of an average I.Q. of about twelve or fourteen years.)

Psychologically and pedagogically, the movie problem is a most perplexing one. Most of us would be hopelessly bored by the type of entertainment which should be prescribed for our children. Most adults are morally impervious to that touch of grim realism in pictures which is highly inadvisable for the average adolescent. The more intelligent religious journals recognize this fact. For example, "The Christian Century" in its movie columns gives different judgments on the films, depending on whether the prospective spectator and auditor is a child, an adolescent, or an adult. Nevertheless, we are told by many exhibitors that special children's performances are unprofitable if held more than once a week and on any other day than Saturday. We are also informed that it has been found almost impossible to keep children and adolescents away from films which require a sturdier and more mature emotional digestive apparatus. Even the policy of labeling the films, adopted in some cities, whereby it is indicated in the advertising whether the picture is a good family film or exclusively for the grown-ups, has not been successful. The parents will not co-operate. It is as though the parents opposing nude art were to insist on taking their children to those art museums which exhibit undraped statues and to demand therefore that the Venus de Milos must wear bloomers and brassières. There, then, is the dilemma. Can we educate parents to follow an intelligent prejudgment of the nature of specific pictures or must we reduce all movies to the dull mediocrity and moronic standards which will make them safe for the kiddies?

That something must be done regarding the movies in relation to children is very evident. This point, incidentally, is the only one which really has validity in the entire censorship argument. It is the subject which I stressed before the Congressional hearing and on which I still have very positive opinions. Movies are unquestionably an unprecedented educational and social force. The pliant minds of children are molded by movies far more than by the school, the home, or the church. Adults, having the experience of life as a background, discount the fiction and exaggeration of the screen. Not so our children. The frequently atrocious world of the movie becomes their real world, which they strive to translate into action. Tests have shown that they remember what they see al-

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most as well as adults and preserve those memories for a much longer time.

IV

A LITTLE over a year ago, a group of psychologists, psychiatrists, and sociologists, under the auspices of the Payne Foundation, contributed their efforts to an investigation of the movie as it affects children. The results of that study, presented in popular form in one volume by Dr. Henry Forman (*Our Movie Made Children*), are none too inspiring. Yet, over ten years ago, Elder Hays, in a speech before the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, made the following resounding declaration: "This industry [the movies] must have toward that sacred thing, the mind of a child, toward that clear virgin thing, the unmarked slate, the same responsibility, the same care about the impressions made upon it that the best clergyman or the most inspired teacher of youth would have." Shades of Clara Bow and Jean Harlow!

Yet, granting all the validity of the accusations against the industry and granting, above all, our right to be thoroughly disgusted at the blah of such hypocrisies as that just quoted, let us ask ourselves whether the worthy clergy is entirely justified in its virulent attacks on Hollywood. It is estimated that the weekly attendance at movies in the U. S. A. is near eighty millions. Of these, one third are children and adolescents. The churches of our land surely have some sort of contact with a goodly percentage of these millions. Why is it that the churches, after centuries of prosecuting the evil in man, have so little power and must still resort to cursing the devil instead of fortifying the soul? If the tawdry and vulgar movies were simply an open sewer from which the air penetrated to every home, this condemnation of the sewer would be justified. But movies are lodged in a hall where one must pay a substantial admission fee. People expose themselves to the movie menace by deliberate choice. It is the old story of denouncing vice by hounding the harlot instead of putting at least a strong measure of blame on her willing customers.

The miserable standards of most American movies have exposed the shame of the American masses which boast that they are a religious and God-fearing folk. The riches heaped upon movie magnates in return for the vilest drivel is the saddest commentary possible on the intellectual, æsthetic, and moral stability of Americans. For our priests to pose us as St. Anthony pursued by a wicked and relentless Thaïs is a joke. To get to the bottom of the problem, our purity pacts must go beyond advocating a boycott of movies by the same masses which have made salaciousness profitable. Our pastors, priests, and rabbis have something deeper to worry about than a high-pressure campaign to clean up the movies. Jesus of Nazareth said that he who lusts after a woman in his imagination is just as culpable as though he actually commits adultery. On the basis of such a moral standard, no amount of momentary pressure on moviedom, by which the devil will be put in chains, will constitute a moral victory for the godly.

If there were declarations from any number of pulpits expressing an appalling horror at the cultural deficiencies of these seventy or eighty million weekly moviegoers, there might be some hope that religion was recognizing the fundamental problem. If churches by the compelling beauty of their worship, their own intellectuality, and the persuasiveness of sympathetic human understanding could raise up a generation which would gag at the average contemporary movie fare, the positive values of religion and religious organizations would be far more substantial than at present. Moreover, the average current movie would go begging for lack of patronage. There is the sad possibility that the drabness of most religious services has led people to welcome the jazzy gaudiness of a de Mille and his successors. There is also the grim suspicion that the low intellectual standards of the average theological atmosphere have given the devout no finer intellectual potentialities than the present low movie norms. There is even the heretical thought that the inhuman and harsh austerity of much religious moral teaching has functioned psychologically to drive the faithful to the cheap extravagances and ribaldry of the most offensive films. From this point of view, the movie situation, with all its tawdriness, calls for considerable introspection by the churches, the shepherds, and their flocks. Vituperative attacks on the movies may be a temporary spiritual catharsis. They are not the final answer.

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HENRY (POKER FACE) FLETCHER, G. O. P.

BY GEORGE MARVIN

THE NEW mahout chosen to ride and guide the G. O. P. elephant out of the jungle of defeat back to its familiar green pastures appears to be a happy selection even if not in spirit an altogether unanimous election. Henry P. Fletcher of Pennsylvania is Republicanism incarnate.

Besides this partisan homogeneity, he brings to the job of party pilot an experience and some personal traits which ought to waft this, his first elective office, above the smugness that several former incumbents have given it, possibly through sitting too long and too comfortably astride the neck of an elephant somnolent with overfeeding.

Somewhere, as an item in the foreground of the political moving picture, between Simeon D. Fess and Jim (Ham) Lewis, but a long way from either, the new chairman "breezed into town in jaunty summer attire [quoting eyewitness William Allen White] and had to be introduced to all but six members of his Republican National Committee. . . . Ladies and gents, meet Mr. Fletcher . . . slim, debonair, gray-haired, ruddy-skinned, lank-limbed, five feet nine and a half, entering his middle sixties, never forgetting his setting up exercises." Illuminating in other respects, White's chronology is in error, since the new chairman, born in 1873, has just reached his sixty-first milestone.

No doubt the Republican civil engineers, surveying their projected highway back to office, have chosen a debonair contractor. They have also picked one of the most poker of poker faces in the political game, with the value that such enigmatic façades are supposed to carry into games of chance. Twenty-six years ago at Mukden, Manchuria, a bewildered German consul stumbled out of sheer vexation on a happy characterization of this asset:

"It iss never zat I can tell vat you mean, Mr. Fletcher, mit—mit—mit zat damn face!"

All north China in those days was a big international poker game, with a dozen sitting in. The German on this occasion was one of twenty guests at a dinner given by that bright meteor, Willard Straight, in his Marco Polo temple in honor of Fletcher, then Secretary of the Legation at Peking. All of the company was sitting on diplomatic dynamite, with a soundly whipped but unconvinced Russia sulking at Harbin while Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, and the United States scrambled for railway and mining concessions over many dead bodies. Out in the darkness the rape of Manchuria was even then going on, from which forced conception the bastard Manchukuo has recently been born.

POKER FACE

IN THAT big game of chance Fletcher played a hand and played it well. He brought to it native qualities of shrewdness and judgment inherited from humble Scotch-Irish ancestors in the Cumberland mountains and the hard-boiled residue of his campaigns during the Spanish war as a private in T. R.'s Rough Riders and as a lieutenant and battalion adjutant of the 40th infantry in the Philippine insurrection. The German consul at Mukden was by no means the only baffled one. Fletcher always played close to his chest, he held lucky cards, and nobody could tell what went on behind his poker face. The present flare for hard-boiledness he anticipated by nearly a generation. He did not acquire it so much as he was it. When Frank Polk was Under Secretary of State during the war, Fletcher spent part of an ambassadorial leave from Mexico in Washington. Said Polk:

"I have met astute citizens before, but this man Fletcher is a graveyard!"

In the happy-go-lucky society of legation-

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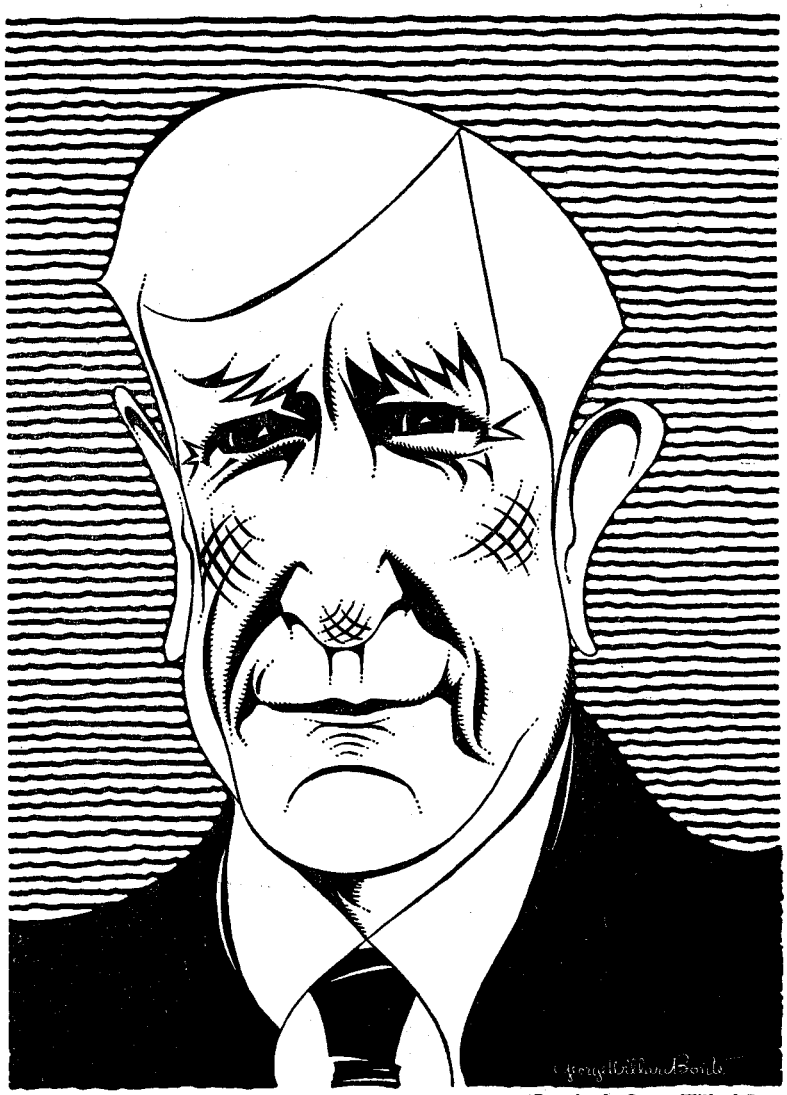
quarter Peking, between the Boxer protocol and the fall of the Imperial Government nine years later, "life went gayly, gayly in the house of I-die-daily." It was the life of a cosmopolitan oasis. Outside its walls in the Tartar and the forbidden cities a still mysterious China smoldered and gloomed. Fletcher was mixed up in every department of that piquant life. By the English, French, Russian, German, and Italian colonies — and in that order — he was pretty generally regarded as a roughneck, which he undoubtedly then was; but everybody liked him and respected him. They had to. He puzzled the men and he intrigued the women. Literally as well as figuratively his poker face was an asset. On his winnings at the Peking Club in poker and bridge he paid his polo expenses and kept up a ménage far beyond the pay of a second secretary of legation.

His polo was equally convincing, though less orthodox. On China ponies and with shortened mallets five teams of "foreign devils" played hockey on horseback three times a week in the sacrosanct glades of the Temple of Heaven, in a panoply of dust kicked up from the dry sod of rainless north China summers. Thick as the dust was, a thicker cloud of polyglot profanity surged up and down the hallowed field, and the dominant note was Fletcher's. In civilian life he continued to be a rough rider, but there were several Englishmen and a few others who played better polo. By common consent nobody could touch his language.

It used to be said that on Thursdays, when the ladies of the legations drove out to serve tea and dispense other beverages under a marquee, most of them came to see the polo, but a distinguished minority came to hear Fletcher.



Drawing by George Willard Bonte

"It iss never zat I can tell vat you mean, Mr. Fletcher, mit — mit — mit zat damn face!"

From Rough Rider to Diplomat

Peking was not his first station. In 1902 Roosevelt the First appointed without examination one of his rough-riding troopers, who had become rather fed up on army life in steaming Iloilo, to the legation at Havana. Diplomatic appointments were thus naïvely made before Secretary Root reformed and reorganized the consular and diplomatic services in 1907. After a year in Cuba he was transferred to China as second secretary, shuttlecocked to Lisbon in 1905 and then back again, two years later, to succeed Billy Phillips as first secretary at Peking.

Under these five years' processing, some of the robust roughness had been worn off the rider, whose only education before the Spanish war had been a high-school diploma and a textbook qualification for the Pennsylvania bar. Rough he was, but with a hair-trigger wit and an eagle gray eye for the main chance glittering in

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"zat damn face." As early as 1907 the silhouettes of the Ambassador to Italy and the Chairman of the Republican National Committee were discernible, albeit dimly. All his games he played to win, whether polo, poker, bridge, or love, and all these lesser games played their constituent parts in the big game of diplomacy welded into the furtherance of Henry P. Fletcher. Socially and financially he started behind scratch; in native abilities and in the steadily acquired ability to profit by environment and by acknowledged example he was always an odds-on favorite.

In other words he had the faculty of growth energized by ambition and pruned by a cool judgment that has rarely been in error during twenty-seven years. In Peking he scorned any man wearing spats and looked askance at Americans who spoke English. Now he can seldom be divorced from his spats — white ones, at that — and he is a master of fluent English, crisp with the discipline of the King James version and natural from the long habit of picked associations, though still flavored with the same Cumberland accent which individualizes his almost equally fluent command of Spanish and French. For several years his dispatches have been rated as the best in the archives of the State Department. In the meantime, by the processes of marriage and the market, the impecunious second secretary of legation has become a rich ex-ambassador.

One begins to glimpse the qualifications of the new mahout. The old diplomacy, with the interruption of Wilson's eight years, which, as a matter of fact, carried on in spirit the foreign affairs inherited or wished upon them, has been essentially Republican in objective and method for the last half century. Under Secretary Knox's Pennsylvania direction of the State Department it became known as "dollar diplomacy."

In the diplomacy of the dollar, in the card-playing adroitness which has for generations characterized international relations, Fletcher is a maestro. His contemporaries in the service include a notable lot of career men, such as Joe Grew at Tokyo, Billy Phillips as perennial Under Secretary of State, Hugh Gibson of Geneva fame, Fred Deering in Peru, and recently ex-ambassadors Robert Bliss at Buenos Aires and Edwin Morgan in Brazil. "Prather," as his intimates call him, has come to be the astute prince of the lot.

Indeed astuteness would be a more connotative middle name for him. His shrewd beginnings in diplomatic method he got during his China years in association with his chief, W. W. Rockhill, one of the most competent men ever engaged in the foreign service of the United States and the real author of the "Open Door" policy in China generally credited to John Hay. This advantage stood him in good stead when later, as chargé d'affaires at Peking, he single-handed saved the international "consortium" of money lenders from

In six years he spoke flawless Castilian.

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premature demise in 1909, a feat which brought him very favorably to the notice of J. P. Morgan and Company who, with the National City Bank under Frank Vanderlip's presidency, George Baker's First National, and Kuhn Loeb and Company, made up the "American Group" for business in China.

The Butterfly Emerges

The State Department also took notice. Fletcher's able handling of so big and complex a problem landed him the following year in Santiago de Chile as Minister Plenipotentiary, appointed by President Taft at the instance of neighbor Philander Knox. It was a big jump and one well earned. How well he handled his first mission is sufficiently proved by his promotion in 1914 to be the first American Ambassador to Chile, by Woodrow Wilson. A rock-ribbed Pennsylvanian Republican promoted to be representative of a State Department presided over by William Jennings Bryan, who outshone even Jim Farley in using — or trying to use — the diplomatic service for the benefit of deserving Democrats! No more discriminating tribute could have been given.

To Chile, other than diplomatically, Fletcher went still partially in the raw, though trailing some clouds of oriental glory; not yet certain as to manners and clothes and protocol — the exaggerated frills and fringes of the old diplomacy — speaking doggerel Spanish learned in his soldiering days, and carrying with him that same damned façade behind which and because of which he had won money and class in the several games of a then much Farther East than now.

In six years he spoke flawless Castilian and retained no doubts as to what to wear and when, the advantages of lateness in insuring dramatic entries, and the manners and customs of an international society which took itself with appalling seriousness in non-essentials, before the war. He had acquired a London tailor, carried a cane, and had assimilated spats. Outwardly "Prather" had progressed from the cocoon to the butterfly. At the Jockey Club in Santiago or at the Chilean Newport of Viña del Mar no figure was more chic or more welcome. Always with an eye single to the main chance he managed to be popular with the Chileans while representing his government with dignity and firmness.

And so when Pancho Villa went haywire on the Rio Grande in 1916 and matters Mexican acquired emergency importance in our foreign affairs, this deserving Republican representative of a distressed Democratic administration was transferred by promotion to Mexico City, from South American shadows to the edge of the World War limelight.

Much was expected of him in this new post, but it is doubtful if any mere ambassador could have delivered the kind of goods required at that juncture. At all events Fletcher did not deliver them. In Mexico he encountered a much stiffer problem and a more complex responsibility, especially after the United States joined the Allies in April of 1917, than anything he had had to deal with in his previous posts. Dollar diplomacy misfired. It is no reflection on his recognized ability to say he did less well with the assignment but it may well be a reflection on the methods of the old diplomacy of which Fletcher is both product and exemplar.

In one year Dwight Morrow, one of the two most convincing personalities that the new diplomacy has produced, accomplished more with his cards on the table in Mexico than Fletcher had done in four years of playing the old game close to his chest. In 1920 he resigned, only to be appointed Under Secretary of State the following year when Harding rolled into the Presidency on the ebb tide of Wilson's unpopular policies. He had managed to remain a deserving Republican while deserving credit and advancement from the Democrats.

Glittering Gold

Fletcher has never been one to hide his light under a bushel and, as he grows older, he becomes less and less inclined to exacting or confining hard work if that work must be performed in the penumbra. Consequently one year in the under secretaryship was quite enough for him, and the following years as am-

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bassador, first to Belgium and then to Italy, proved more to his taste. The effulgence from thrones irradiates their neighborhoods, though it requires some glittering gold rightly to reflect that light. It is, of course, common knowledge that ambassadors to the courts of Europe cannot begin to maintain their ratings on the salaries they draw. But in the meantime Ambassador Henry P. Fletcher had become a rich man, even among Americans, the same astuteness which brought him to the top rungs of the diplomatic ladder guiding his forward steps in the private service of the dollar.

In his material ambition he has been favored by two main factors: in 1917 he married Miss Beatrice Bend, a protégée and ward of William C. Whitney, who left her well-provided-for as the companion of his orphaned daughter, Dorothy, who also has been tangibly grateful. Even a very small portion of the Whitney estate runs into six figures. Then there was Brother Gilmore Fletcher of Pittsburgh, closely identified with the steel barons, and Archduke Andrew Mellon, who, while making his own fortune in the bonanza war and post-war years, freely donated inside advice and guided investments for the absent member of the family. The prosperity of Prather exceeded that of the green bay tree.

The same adroitness that had marked his earlier years in the foreign service characterized Fletcher's last two embassies, and when in 1929 he resigned again he was generally regarded as foremost among the career diplomats of his generation. Some said he resigned because he was tired of Rome and had been denied the Court of St. James, the London post which has always been held highest of the ambassadorships, but the landslide of the investment market that same year may have had a bearing on his decision to abandon formal diplomacy.

Informally, Henry Fletcher will always be a diplomat. As Chairman of the Republican National Committee he will add an almost unique experience and rare gifts to the direction of a very big game in which money plays a leading part. Having lived most of his life abroad — much more of it than Hoover's foreign residence covered — he cannot be expected to be deeply in sympathy with the undercurrents of American life, and he has expressed himself on more than one occasion as completely out of sympathy with what is now being done to guide those currents into channels of justice which may lead not so much to better times as to times better shared. In the philosophy of Henry Prather Fletcher there has never been any room for the forgotten man.

If we figure the approaching elections and the presidential contest as a series of football games leading to a championship, then must the Republican team be congratulated on its acquisition of an excellent coach — not a captain or a player. The G. O. P. could hardly find a man better qualified to sit on the sidelines and adapt his tactics to a preconceived strategy.

If Jim Farley stays on the corresponding Democratic job we shall see the very antipodes in technique. Where Farley is tireless in actual work, bluff and hearty and obvious — leaving the Machiavellian chess playing to little Louis McHenry Howe — Fletcher will be the superintendent of others' work, inscrutable after the Pennsylvania rubric established by Boies Penrose, Mellon, Reed, and their brotherhood. Irrespective of principles or platforms, we shall see a Republican team coached by a master strategist who knows all the tricks and is accustomed to maneuvering. He is already, through both private and public associations, closely in touch with the sources of Republican money and either a friend or an acquaintance of those who make it and control it. This alone would make him an effective chairman.

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EMOTIONAL TRAGEDY OF A JEW

BY BERNARD R. FLESHER

HAVE YOU ever been idly stroking the soft back of your house cat when suddenly the barking of a dog is heard? At once that supple, relaxed back becomes stiff, rigid, tense.

Have you ever been talking to a Jewish friend when you have made some approving mention of any one of Adolf Hitler's policies? Or you have made some disapproving remark concerning a Jew whom you dislike. If your hand might touch the inner consciousness of your Jewish friend as it touched the back of the cat, you would feel the same stiffness, the same rigidity, the same tension.

And therein lies an emotional reaction. It is so common to most Jews that they do not even think of the cause. But this emotional reaction is full of the essence of tragedy. It is the tragedy born of nonconformity, nurtured into a conditioned hypersensitivity, blooming in the real and imagined insults of a thoughtless world.

The rabbis, the noted Jewish and non-Jewish writers have, many of them, sought the essence of that tragedy in the difference between the Jew's religion and the Christian's religion. But it is the layman thinking in terms of no religion who really finds the fatal difference. For it is an emotional, not a religious, tragedy. The Jew is taught early by friends, playmates, neighbors that he is "different." He spends his life in trying to conform, in trying to attain final security, only to find that the struggle itself has made him emotionally unfit for final conformity, final security.

It is as a layman that I have attempted to analyze my own feelings, their causes and their reactions. I have attempted to run counter to my natural currents of thought, to look objectively to see why my people seem destined to such a peculiar pattern of life.

Looking thus objectively, I can see the start early in the life of the average Jewish child. Visualize him at seven or eight, taunted at school, running to his mother. Visualize him as he comes crying, asking what "sheenie" means or why he is called "Christ-killer." He has taken the first step. He has learned that he is "different." He does not yet know that he is doomed to the life of the nonconformist. Later he will find out as I have found out that, try as he may, he cannot conform to the common pattern — true conformity can never be attained by conscious effort.

This little episode at school is not the only one. It is the first of many, the first of a series hammering home to the Jewish child the lesson he must learn. "Be ready; be ready; be ready. Be ready always to fight, to defend yourself, to ward off the insult."

Modern psychology would call this emotional tragedy a splendid example of "conditioning." And, as I strive to look objectively at my own experience, I must agree. After a certain number of insults or taunts, I naturally am alert to construe any thoughtless word as an insult or taunt. My automatic reaction to defend myself finally responds when the insult or taunt is wholly imaginary.

I become vigilant, constantly (if unconsciously) ready to respond to anything that may be said or done. When a magazine prints an article pointing out the accomplishments of Nazi Germany in reducing unemployment, I feel immediately impelled to write a letter to the editor upbraiding the magazine for anti-Semitism. The article in question did not even mention the word "Jew." That is not enough. I have assumed that anything or anyone that is not wholly and completely for me and with me is therefore wholly and completely against me. In my hypersensitivity I am never able to examine anyone in the light of cold and dispassionate reason.

Commonplace incidents are magnified in my

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mind. A store discharges a high executive who is Jewish; surely and inevitably, justifiably or no, I hear rumors that he was discharged because he was a Jew. A candidate for a political office is vigorously supported by a man at one time high in the councils of the almost forgotten Ku Klux Klan; I have not forgotten, and that candidate, whom I would otherwise favor, will not get my vote. These things come easily and naturally unless I consciously stop myself, stop myself and ask, "Why do you, who attempt to be rational in all things, allow yourself to be so utterly stampeded here with such a complete lack of any rationalism?"

Only then, when I pause and literally ask myself this question, do I realize the essential tragedy which hypersensitivity has wrought in the life of the Jew. In the light of cold reason such actions are utterly absurd. In the light of our conditioned reactions to our situation they are not only natural but purely automatic.

II

As a layman I have attempted to collect, to classify some of these reactions which constitute the emotional tragedy of the modern American Jew. I have attempted to analyze and study these reactions objectively, although it is difficult to examine objectively anything so thoroughly subjective in nature.

First of all, I have found the desire of the Jews to present to the world a united front. Unquestionably the reformed Jew feels disdainful of his orthodox brethren, and, strangely, the orthodox Jew feels a similar contempt for his reformed brethren. Yet, when persecution breaks out in some new quarter of the globe, rich and poor, reformed and orthodox give freely to aid the suffering.

A Catholic friend of mine expressed surprise the other day as I spoke to him of my pity for the victims of the German "cold pogroms" and of my unqualified hate for Hitler. "You know," he said to me, "it is strange that you should feel so strongly when you are so far away. When the Church is being oppressed in Spain or Mexico or Russia there is not anything of the same intense feeling that you seem to have. There will always be enemies of the Church who will plot its ruin, but we know the Church will always go on in spite of them."

Perhaps it is strange. Yet we lack that fine impersonality in speaking of "the Church." These people in Germany are our people — personal always; they are ourselves being persecuted and beaten and killed. Our feeling is based always on the knowledge of how narrow is the ledge of our relative security in any country, the knowledge of how easily that ledge may crumble and throw us down into the pit of disaster.

I am surprised at my own unqualified hate of Hitler, at the unqualified hate for him which every Jew feels. I know that he is merely the product of an unfortunate combination of circumstances and that he will topple from his pinnacle when the causes that produced him are remedied. Rationally I know all this and yet with every ounce of my feeling I hate Hitler! I know of a rabbi, a pacifist by nature and conviction, who has asked every member of his congregation to utter a prayer of thanks for the existence and the power and preparedness of the French army!

III

A second element in the emotional tragedy is the delight which all Jews take in the success of any of their fellows when that success is clearly acknowledged by the world at large. Every Jew feels a great glow of pride that Einstein is a Jew. Here is a scientist whose greatness is recognized by all scientists in every civilized country of the world. The average Jew, understanding nothing of the works that have made Einstein great, is satisfied to bask in the reflected glow of that greatness — "He is a Jew; that is enough."

So likewise does every Jew feel pride in the benefactions of a noted Jewish philanthropist, especially when the gifts go to non-Jewish, or at least non-sectarian, institutions.

"See," he thinks, "we are not such bad fellows and, if only given the chance, will do everything to help you that we possibly can — and, as you see, we can be very helpful." It is the only explanation for this feeling which seems to exist only in my people.

Possibly as a corollary of this pride in the achievements of any of our number, there is a feeling of common shame for the evil behavior of any one of us. I have noted in my own mind this feeling of common responsibility. This morning as I picked up the paper I saw the

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headline, "Max Abrams Indicted for Perjury." Now it happens that Max Abrams is a professional bondsman being prosecuted in a current campaign in my city against bondsmen. Probably he is dishonest. I do not know him. I have never even seen him. Yet he is a Jew. And that is the thought that came to me: "Max Abrams is a Jew; I am sorry that he is a Jew."

The reason for such a reaction must be that too often has the whole of Jewry been made to suffer for the acts of one of its number. Too long has Shakespeare's Shylock been held up as the symbol of our people. Jesus Christ was also a Jew, but the average Jew believes that in the Gentile mind Shylock, not Jesus Christ, is *the* Jew. This is the feeling of a people that has been subjected to centuries of ridicule, insults, and worse; because the race has many times been judged not by its best but by its worst members.

This common responsibility is the natural reaction of a sensitized people. At a crowded resort I feel embarrassed for the loud *nouveaux riches* of my people, who so often fail to conduct themselves properly. I feel embarrassment, I said, for them. I was wrong; I feel it for myself, lest I be grouped in the public eye as one of them.

IV

YET ANOTHER element in the emotional tragedy of the Jew is his desire to get along, to climb to the top. This again is but the simple reaction of one who, finding himself thwarted in attempts to conform to the common pattern, attempts instead to reach the point of power where conformity will not matter. Power, the Jew sees, can be obtained only by the possession of money and material success. Hence his desire for money and success — ends in themselves in the eyes of the world but, in the eyes of the Jew, only means to the attainment of power.

In his struggle to get along, the Jew is often made to feel by one or another of his Christian competitors that they have no respect for him, that they will crush him if they can. Consequently he does that very thing for which he censures them — he judges all by a few. As he continues his struggle he will be increasingly ruthless and distrustful; as he approaches his goal of power and success he will be increasingly arrogant. Power will be attained, but the Jew fighting in such a way will unconsciously hurt his own cause.

Possibly the saddest part of the Jew's emotional tragedy is his attempt to adjust himself to what he believes is an unfriendly world, the aloofness to which he so often clings.

He is not invited to join Gentile clubs: he forms clubs of his own. He does not find ready employment in Gentile business houses: he employs mostly Jews in his own business. He does not feel at ease in Gentile society: he seeks only the society of Jews. Unconsciously the Jew gravitates to other Jews, so that he may not be forced constantly to guard himself from actual and imagined insults.

It is, I suppose, only another manifestation of this forced aloofness that brings us a feeling of bitterness and enmity for the renegade Jew, for the Jew who refuses to join us in our aloofness. For it happens occasionally that a Jew, less sensitive than his brethren, may associate with Christians. He may, by a certain emotional callousness, "pass the color line."

The security which he attains, however, is not envied by his Jewish brethren. For the Jew will not believe that the Gentile genuinely and sincerely has welcomed this stranger into his fold. He cannot believe that the Gentile could put such a prize on insincerity, could offer such a reward for a pose. Granted that this recognition would be, if freely and universally given, a great boon to the Jews, yet few of them would wish to attain it at the sacrifice of sincerity and uprightness.

Can it be that other Jews are jealous of the successful renegade? I think not. It is not that their religion is in their own eyes so vastly superior to the Christian religion — after all the creeds are very similar. It is merely a bit of the same pride which once enabled the Jews to withstand the horrors of the Inquisition in preference to the simple ceremony of baptism.

Of such are the essential elements of the Jew's emotional tragedy.

Of such were the elements of all Greek tragedy — characters moving naturally and irresistibly to the final, tragic dénouement. And of such is the life of the Jew to-day — forces moving him naturally and irresistibly toward the final, inevitable emotional tragedy.

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THE WOMAN-ARTIST

BY MARY M. COLUM

Though we are all slaves to life — in human bondage — women in the very nature of things are more enslaved than men, and in any discussion of the woman-artist it is just as well to begin by accepting this condition. Therefore, in this article I am going to pass over the much-publicized handicap of being obliged to spend the best hours of the morning in buying the family food, washing the baby, driving husband to the station, or taking clothes to the cleaners. This handicap, though real, is not insurmountable for any woman who has enough urge to production. Such employments, anyway, are likely to be most demanding in the twenties or early thirties, and at this stage of the world's history anything that can aid in holding back artistic production until the would-be producer has reached maturity and attained to some depth of experience is more likely to be beneficial than the reverse.

The initial problem before the woman-artist is the one that faces any potential artist — that is, it is the same for both men and women. This problem is: how is anyone to know that he or she is an artist at all and not just a person with an artistic temperament — one capable of understanding an art. For, to repeat a sentence in a previous article, art is the possession of two kinds of people — those who produce it and those who understand it. How is the woman to know that she is a creative artist — how is she to know whether she has enough talent to take chances in devoting herself to work which may take her away from more materially rewarding labor or from the important business of ministering to other people? My own solutions of these matters may seem a trifle Philistine or at least rather pragmatic, but in their favor I will say that they are based on a fair experience of art and life and a considerable experience of artists.

There are two fairly sound ways in which an individual may estimate his own talent, and, as they are both external to the artist, they are not final. Can one produce work of exciting interest for even a small number of understanding people who are neither relatives nor friends nor people personally interested in admiring one's performances? Is the work produced of such interest to these people that they look forward to seeing it or reading it or hearing it with such anticipation that they make a demand on one to produce it? In short, has the artist or would-be artist, after a fair practice of her art, acquired an audience? If she has not, there are compelling reasons for believing that the gods have called her to be an appreciator rather than a producer.

For no one, or almost no one (there are odd, curious exceptions), can continue to produce without an audience. Generally speaking, there is no such thing, in spite of modern, eccentric theories, as an artist who does not desire an audience. People who say they express but do not wish to communicate are probably deceiving themselves or posing; if not, they are unbalanced or are almost demi-gods. The greatest genius ever born, placed in a position where he could not have an audience of some kind, would not continue producing, for art is meant to communicate, that is, to pass something on to somebody. The importance of audience to artist is really tremendous, and, the higher the demands of the audience, the better the work produced; audience and artist are interdependent.

The second way of estimating one's talent, and this to some extent is assumed in the first, is by discovering if the would-be artist can get any material reward for what he produces. Keats, it will be remembered, said in effect that one good reason for working at an art was to make money by it. Such return would certainly contain the proof that the artist had an

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audience, even though the art Keats practiced, poetry, in any place brings very little gain.

An art may be honestly practiced for three reasons: the first two presuppose the practitioner to have marked talent or even genius. First, as a means of livelihood. Secondly, to make the thing for its own sake and for an audience, fit though few, which can give the author that good report, that fame, which was for Milton the spur "which the clear spirit doth raise to scorn delights and live laborious days." Lastly, an art can be reasonably practiced as an accomplishment, as our grandmothers played the piano or painted in water colors or wove tapestries. While the practicing of an art as an accomplishment is one of the most entertaining ways of giving pleasure or of sharpening one's own mind for the understanding of works of genius, the practitioners of art as an accomplishment are not, properly speaking, artists; they belong to the audience — that is, they belong to one of the two classes of people for whom art is a possession.

These amateurs of art, whose value to art is so great, have got out of hand in our day, owing to the hazy state of criticism and the mania for publicity, and one can say that three fourths of the poetry published and many of the short stories and novels represent nothing more than a pleasing accomplishment on the part of their authors, and should never have been allowed the franchise of publication. For it can never be said often enough that there are only two real reasons why a publisher should launch a work: one, that it brings him and the author prestige, whether it sells or not — the prestige given by a public which knows what art is; the other, that it brings him and the author a money return, that it sells. Professional artists are of two kinds only — those who gain fame and those who gain money — and, of course, it often happens that these are not separated; all the rest are amateurs and belong to a different class altogether.

II

As regards the woman-artist, the next problem is a special one. Can she count on the necessary energy to devote to the work? For an art demands an enormous energy of a curiously dynamic, one might almost say elemental, kind, and not exactly physical, though one must postulate that it in some measure depends on physical resources or at least on passable health. It is of the kind which psychologists like Jung and Janet call psychic energy and which, when at a high degree of activity, endows its possessor with that long patience or long impatience which we term genius. While most people in their youth have certainly a quantum of such energy, it seems to be only men and women of genius who have it in such abundance that it gives them a curious irradiation which makes them more alive than other people, more in communication either with life or with some region beyond. It is a sort of energy of which by necessity a woman needs more than a man, through the very fact that she is more deeply enslaved to the race. Yet all history seems to show that she by nature possesses less of it or that what she possesses very rarely glows with that white heat out of which great achievement in the arts or perhaps great achievement of any kind comes.

Genius, it has often been said, knows no sex; it is noteworthy, anyhow, that it seems to endow its possessor with the mental and emotional attributes of both sexes, while at the same time men and women of real genius have generally in a superlative degree the special attributes traditionally said to belong to their own. Men who have written the tenderest lyrics have been hard and tough fighters and leaders of rough and rebellious men, and women who have shown powerfully virile qualities in an art have had at the same time all the softness and tenderness and the love for personal adornment associated with their sex.

But, with all that can be said for genius having no sex, the fact remains that the number of women who have excelled in any art is so small that almost all that has ever been accomplished by them could be sunk out of sight and the world of art would be barely a fraction of a degree the poorer for the loss. The usual reason given in explanation of this is that the physical energy and time of women is so given up to the race that they have little left over to enable them to excel in other pursuits. However, it is in the very pursuits that require time and physical energy that they have excelled: they have been successful in enormously long novels, in elaborate works of scholarship, in patient scientific investigation, in long airplane

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flights, and, as the records increasingly show, in feats requiring much physical endurance. But in the sort of work that requires neither time nor physical energy nor long preparation but simply a swift, telling flight of the mind; a winged, eagle thought; an ardor of the imagination, they have too rarely excelled, too rarely come anywhere near men's achievements. The sublimest lyric that has ever been produced could have been written on the back of an envelope while rocking the baby, if the writer had sufficient intensity of passion or imagination; it would not take either time, extended concentration, or long preparation, but only an ardor of the heart and an ardor of the brain clicking together for one mastering moment, so that the maker lost herself in a general feeling of humanity.

It is in this very type of lyrical flight that women have been notably ineffectual. The great love lyrics, the great lyrics of every kind, even the best cradle songs have been made by men. The love lyrics made by women have been too often on the pattern of Christina Rossetti's:

When I am dead, my dearest,
  Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
  Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
  With showers and dewdrops wet;
And if thou wilt, remember,
  And if thou wilt, forget.

This does not express love at all but merely that simple, self-pitying egotism which is the most evident mood in the work of so many women poets: sometimes it is alarming in its elemental and sentimental self-centeredness, yet this is the sort of stuff men have loved women for writing.

Another variety of self-centeredness can be found in the work of the late Madame de Noailles, who, nevertheless, has to be included among the dozen best women-poets. A charming, babbling, child-like vanity, as of one inspired only while gazing into her own mirror, is added to the self-centeredness. These are some lines from a representative poem of hers which is also one of her best.

Mes livres je les fis pour vous, ô jeunes hommes,
  Et j'ai laissé dedans,
Comme font les enfants qui mordent dans des pommes,
  La marque de mes dents. . . .

Je vous laisse, dans l'ombre amère de ce livre,
  Mon regard et mon front,
Et mon âme toujours ardente et toujours ivre
  Où vos mains traîneront.

Je vous laisse le clair soleil de mon visage,
  Ses millions de rais,
Et mon cœur faible et doux, qui eut tant de courage
  Pour ce qu'il désirait.

Je vous laisse mon cœur et toute son histoire,
  Et sa douceur de lin,
Et l'aube de ma joue, et la nuit bleue et noire
  Dont mes cheveux sont pleins.

My books, I have made them for you, o young men, and I have left therein, as children do who bite into apples, the mark of my teeth. . . . I leave in the bitter shadow of this book my expression and my countenance, my soul ever ardent and ever inebriated where your hands will linger [on the page]. I leave you the clear sun of my face, its million rays, and my heart weak and gentle, which had so much courage for what it desired. I leave you my heart and all its history, and its softness of flax, and the dawn of my cheek, and the blue and black night of which my hair is full.

I do not say that this is not good enough poetry of a kind; it is pleasing, charming, pathetic, and capable of arousing yearning emotions. It and the one of Christina Rossetti's quoted will certainly live for a while: they are by two out of the dozen or so best women-poets in the whole history of literature, yet they are on a totally different plane, a lower plane, from the lyrics written by men and dealing with like subjects. If one compares Christina Rossetti's, which is a characteristic woman's love poem, with that characteristic man's poem, Drayton's "Come let us kiss and part," we will immediately see wherein lies the difference. The larger, more universal spirit is the man's. The love with which these poems deal, except in one of its constituents, physical passion, is, of course, a rare enough experience of humanity—so rare that the old-fashioned strictures against reading novels glorifying romantic love had certainly a practical point, for the novels were glorifying an experience which could be only a dream, never a reality, to most of their readers.

But love on its highest plane seems to have been experienced by all the men who have written of it and hardly at all by the women. One contemporary writer, however, has been one of these rare exceptions among women. I am referring to the late Elinor Wylie whose love poetry written at the maturity of her powers, just be-

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fore her death, makes that of most other women-poets seem the expression of an immature, superficial response. Taking even lonely lines from separate poems, we find the unmistakable winged thought, an almost intolerable ecstasy of inspiration that makes her stand as the equal of any man-poet among her contemporaries.

> Mortality has wearied us that wear it,
> And they are wiser creatures who have shunned
> This miry world, this slough of man's despond,
> To fortify the skies we shall inherit. . . .
>
> "At the little noise our death will make
> No red deer need stand still. . . ."
>
> And let us creep into the smallest room
> That any hunted exile has desired
> For him and for his love when he was tired. . . .

III

THE AUTHOR of such lines was one of the rare spirits among women-writers who was an artist as were the great men-artists; she could get completely out of herself, outside all vanity and self-centeredness, to a universal personality in her mind that made her creative personality something other and beyond her every-day one. For in spite of what so profound a critic as Saint-Beuve has said about the identity of the author and his work, of his life and his product, there is in nearly every case a vast difference between an author's creative personality and that every-day personality which eats, sleeps, and shows itself to the world. It is just this inability to get beyond the every-day personality and its subjectiveness that has been the trouble with so many women-writers. What they experience in their senses and emotions too often remains on that plane, even in highly gifted women, and does not become transferred to the intellect or transformed by the intellect.

And perhaps this is the basis for the assumption, on the part of many philosophers, of the inferiority of the minds of women, and why Schopenhauer, in his notorious essay on women, said, "They never got beyond the subjective point," and they were "incapable of purely objective interest in anything," and, though so many of them cultivated drawing and painting, "they have not a single great painting to boast of, because they are deficient in that objectivity of mind which is so directly indispensable in painting." While we all know that this particular essay came out of that very private-mindedness for which Schopenhauer blamed women, yet some of his criticism is sound, and several of the present-day psychologists have come to like conclusions when they state that women rarely show any power of "object love."

By objectivity of mind is meant — in literature, anyhow — a power of passing experience through the intellect so that it becomes depersonalized and acquires at least a quantum of universality. It was this power which made Sappho so great a poet, for even in the remnants that are left of her we can see why the ruins of her works have survived the ruins of Greece, may survive even the ruins of Europe, as Catullus and Virgil have survived the ruins of Rome. The lack of this power is one of the serious disabilities which make most women-writers and artists second- or third-rate in comparison with men. If one were sure that it was a quality inherently incapable of attainment by women as a sex, one might be less impatient with it, but the fact seems to be that the developing of this objectivity demands a struggle with themselves and with circumstances which they do not care to face. There is reason to think even that they imagine themselves more charming without it, though I would back in charm of all kinds any sincere woman-artist against any professional charmer that ever was.

But that objectivity of mind is attainable by them has been shown in the past by several women and is shown to-day by some outstanding figures. A woman like Sigrid Undset shows it in all her work, especially in her epic novels, novels which are on a level at least with those of the highly praised Thomas Mann or of any contemporary male novelist, leaving out the great innovators like Joyce and Proust. Perhaps, if women realized how significant a part it is of the creative personality, they would make more of an effort to achieve it. Men who in their every-day life are creatures of self-centeredness and private-mindedness, as we know many artists are, become, once the study door closes on them and the creative personality begins to function, creatures of the purest disinterestedness and the purest objectivity of mind.

My own belief about this salient power of

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objectivity and the ability to put aside the every-day personality for the creative personality is that both powers depend upon a state of intellectual and psychological freedom. Persons in a condition of personal submission to others cannot produce original, creative work; their mental, emotional, and psychological life becomes so shackled that it functions only at such low pressure that creative work is difficult or impossible. This is not true only of women, whose age-long submission is one of the facts of history, a state to which they have been conditioned early in life and from which modern education is slowly freeing them; it is true also of men. Men have quite as rarely as women produced creative work of any value in a state of personal submission to others; this is true not only of those in a state of serfdom but even of those in a state of voluntary submission to superiors: a lackey could not have described the world of lackeys which is *Gil Blas* — it took a liberated man to do it. Very little intellectual and artistic work has come out of barracks or monasteries, where men live in a state of obedience and submission to superiors and perform fixed, routine duties. This, though we know that men of the highest natural ability have at all times entered monasteries and that the monastic life has had a singular attraction for artistic and contemplative types. The creative faculty was sacrificed in the submission of their personalities, or became narrowed to the performance of duties in the immediate surroundings; the Carmelite John of the Cross and the Jesuit Gerard Manley Hopkins are surprising exceptions.

It is a curious fact that it is personal submission rather than political slavery which dulls creative power or destroys the desire to exercise it. Great art has appeared under terrible political tyranny: both Dante and Dostoevski suffered tortures under it; both were harassed and banished — Dostoevski being condemned to death and rescued at the last moment from a firing squad to be banished to Siberia. Yet these experiences seem to have heightened rather than dulled their creative faculties. Too much, it seems to me, is made of the power of political dictatorships to cramp the functioning of the mind. In recent history two of the great creative periods were the last fifty years of the czarist tyranny in Russia and the last thirty years of the English domination of Ireland. It is the intimate, the immediate enslavement by persons or things that destroys, that eats away the power to attain a life in the mind, and it is this that a woman must strive against if she is to become a real artist. Great artists do not always have the conventional virtues, but they all attain to that gift of the enfranchised spirit — *grandeur d'âme*.

Mrs. Colum has written
for the November FORUM
"Among the Younger Writers"

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FATHER DIVINE IS GOD

BY LIONEL LEVICK

FATHER DIVINE is four feet, six inches tall, bald, has a dark yellow skin and a typically Negro skull, and his preaching manner is more plodding than magnetic. Five years ago he ran a small employment agency on Long Island. To-day he is God incarnate to some millions of people: not God symbolically but God in the flesh. His followers are not all Negroes; more astounding than the scope of his appeal to his own race, with its perpetual longing for a leader, is the extent to which white men and women give him their allegiance. In many states he has established homes and refuges, religious houses in old factories and such places, each of which is called a "Kingdom." In them, white people share quarters with blacks, and whites sit at the meals, called banquets, which are served daily; some come to be fed physically and some spiritually. Whites come on pilgrimage, singly and in limousines or in parties of thirty or forty, from as far away as the Pacific Coast, to receive the message from his own lips in Harlem.

Drawings by Mary Cecil Allen

They come to no new creed, ritual, or discipline, but to a simple, reiterated assertion of peace and plenty at hand for the just. They come to be healed of ills which other generations have not known. Father Divine's movement began in 1929 and has grown with the depression. In a smitten world his password is "Peace!" To the hungry he interprets the Garden of Eden as the Garden of Eating, and the pun becomes celestial. His church is summarized as a free form of worship directed by the spirit, and he himself describes his principle as "faith in the ever-presence of God." He says, "A person can attune himself to the life of Christ as one may tune a radio to the waves that are broadcast from a studio." While he does not claim deity, he does not deny the attribution, saying merely, "I teach that God has the right to manifest Himself through any person or thing He may choose."

His doctrines seem those of many others, and his meetings run close to the revival type, but this man gives food and shelter and passes no collection plate. His believers declare that in the morning they find money in their purses which was not there the night before. He tells them that if they follow his light all the cares of this world will fall from them, that they will be provided for and live forever; and many leave wife or husband or child to follow, for his teaching is ascetic. The bridegroom of a year leaves his wife and child, saying, "We are all brothers and sisters." White and black they come, from a world riddled with doubt and despair, to accept the assurance he propounds in interminable sermons. Divine is aware of this motive; he has said, "So many people are

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out of employment; they need help and they turn to that which offers them such help." He has created a channel for energies which grow rotten when damned by hopelessness.

The atmosphere of his meetings is that of miracles. Two thousand people of both races are crowded into a hall. They cry out the catch-words: "Peace!" and "Thank you, Father; it is wonderful!" The pressure of emotion intensifies like the gathering of a thunderstorm. The

Negroes in the hall are straining with the need to shout and sing; the song of jubilation presses up within their bosoms with all the force of racial nature. One starts, and the song catches like fire in dry grass, then, suddenly, it is hushed. A white man is singing, a cripple who has just told how he is being healed by the will of Father Divine. He has come three thousand miles to see this man whom he reveres as God and now he sings his praise. His tenor voice rises above the diapason of the Negroes, and they are stilled. The beauty of his voice silences them. They listen, eager in appreciation, till the ecstasy in him has come to its end. Then the hall is filled with a shout and cries of "Thank you, Father," and "The Lord is so sweet."

II

In the adherence given Father Divine there is much that is comic, not a little that is tragic, and some elements bordering on the sinister.

Behind the manifestations of faith lies a large, intensive, and enigmatic organization. It has grown rapidly in numbers and territory. Divine is the outstanding figure in Harlem, with its two hundred and fifty thousand Negroes, and, while there are skeptics to cry "Racket!" neutral observers declare his will dominates the majority of his followers. Apostles are finding new believers daily in Bridgeport, Philadelphia, Baltimore, in New England and the Middle West, in the South and on the Pacific Coast. A Harlem newspaper, the *New York News*, active with its political criticism, prints his speeches in full, and is sent all over the country. A magazine called "The Light," dedicated to the cause, is published in Seattle, where Negroes are comparatively few. Negro estimates of Divine's following run as high as 15,000,000, which is more than the colored population of the country. Father Divine, in a court inquiry at a time when he perhaps considered reticence politic, gave the other extreme, 200,000, but another estimate coming direct from his organization was 12,000,000. An investigation of the cult in New York and New Jersey was made by a commission appointed in the autumn of 1933 by Judge Richard Hartshorne of the Court of Common Pleas at Newark; the testimony indicated a range of from 2,000,000 to 10,000,000. No one knows the proportion of whites; estimates in Harlem run as high as one third.

The Hartshorne inquirers could discover little specific information about the extent or organization of the cult. They heard of homes broken by ascetic teaching, of the surrender of worldly goods, and of at least one case of induced insanity. On the other hand students of crime and depravity testified to the beneficial

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effects of the movement and pointed to the fact that shopkeepers would trust followers of Divine when they would trust no one else. The committee summoned health officers, welfare workers, police and civic officials, ministers, physicians, laymen, and spokesmen of Divine. The fifty or so witnesses included one woman

who came from Oakland, California, to testify and two couples from elsewhere on the Pacific coast. A sidelight on the nature of Father Divine's appeal is found in the testimony of a Seattle contractor, who asserted that he had been cured of a broken spine by his faith, although he had never seen Divine at the time.

The leader co-operated in this inquiry. In a previous instance he chose silence and sentence rather than tell the details of his tenets and following. Omnipotence does not compromise. At that time, in the spring of 1932, an official psychiatrist pronounced him sane. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment and a $500 fine for maintaining a nuisance, but appealed. Divine did not take the witness stand and in his cell told probation officers that he knew nothing of the past nor of worldly affairs; he knew only of the spirit. He said the money he got came from God and on the way from courtroom to jail declared that God had put money in his pocket during the transit and he didn't know where it came from.

It had been alleged that believers turned over to him wages and property. It was shown later that some converts give up their life insurance and others close their bank accounts, but there was no evidence to prove that this is not just faith in a paradise at hand. This is also their attitude toward medical care. A witness in the Hartshorne inquiry said, "You automatically become an Angel when you turn everything over to the Kingdom." Divine insists he accepts no money and no love offerings but that his Kingdoms are maintained by the sale of meals. The charge for food, however, is a few cents, at most, and thousands of meals are given free, and often small change in addition.

III

WHATEVER its origin, the money has come. The Harlem Kingdom alone costs $30,000 a year, and Divine's chief apostle, Faithful Mary, announced not long ago that he was buying a whole block of buildings in New York. From Long Island Sound to Puget Sound the cult has halls, dormitories, and refectories. Divine has a force of secretaries and attendants. He is the center of a hierarchy of bishops and proselytizers. In the Kingdoms there are male, female, and child Angels, venerated by the brothers and sisters, and superior beings known by such names as Sunbeam, Serene, True Love, Bouquet, and Peaceful. In each Kingdom an elaborate bedroom is always waiting for Divine. With uniformed chauffeurs and often with a suite, he travels in Packards and Lincolns, in

which, when parked, he leaves the keys in the switches, as a sign of his peace. Often a string of limousines, buses, trucks, and taxis follows him. Crowds line the curbs. Sometimes he goes in his private airplane and he tells the faithful

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how his thoughts went out to them on earth even when he was risen in the clouds. His home is in a dozen places. As one old Negress said, "He comes and he goes, and don't no one know when." In the minds of his followers he is omnipresent.

To them one of the living proofs of his might is Faithful Mary. She is Viola Wilson, the repentant Mary of the movement, and she manages one of the largest Kingdoms. Few women in history have aroused a devotion as deep and widespread as that given her. A buoyant and determined Negress, always smiling, she has the vigor of success. Before she was regenerated she weighed 90 pounds; to-day, in her own words, she is proud to tell the world she weighs 210. She talks to believing crowds as assiduously as does the leader. This is the synopsis of her story as given in the *New York News:* "Before she met Father Divine, she testifies, her food was obtained from the garbage cans. There were times when she went for days without a morsel in her stomach. . . . She was looked upon and regarded as 'that old drunken woman.' . . . Every precinct, she states, has a record of her. . . . Since she has been transformed she has become healthy,

wealthy, successful, happy and loving. Father has blessed her to several pieces of property, buses and automobiles, and in the Extension at 126th street there are several hundred cooks, waiters, waitresses, maids, chauffeurs and chauffeuresses, musicians, painters, artists and other workers who are ready to answer her faintest request."

Who is this man looked upon as omnipotent? He is said to have come from Baltimore, to be a native of Providence, to have been born on

an island off Georgia. He has a wife, Mother Divine. She is not his wife; he did have a previous wife and family. That is all one gets from various official inquiries. At one time he was known as Morgan J. Divine, at another as Major J. Divine or the Rev. M. J. Divine, but to-day he is simply Father Divine. His own word is this: "I was combusted at 7th Avenue and 134th Street in 1900." He looks older than in the mid-thirties. About nine years ago he went to Sayville, Long Island, and worked at odd jobs. In 1929 he started an employment agency there. Presently Sayville grew aware that it was being annoyed. His religious meetings were noisy. At first they were in a 32-room house in which lived many of his agency's clients; as many as 2,000 enthusiasts, even then including whites, visited his home daily. At length, because of the noise, he was charged with maintaining a nuisance. After his conviction and appeal he went to New York. The movement was on its way.

IV

DIVINE is a product of the times. A wavering world listens to conviction. From such a background as this, obscure men emerged to become Emperors in the dark days of late Rome; from such a state of mind, political and economic overturns have come to pass in these 1930's. "After a while we will not have so many breadlines," he promises. "We will not have our people eating out of ash cans. I have given out that message to the officials of our country."

The sick and the hungry follow, and white

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women in big cars, colored girls in green skirts and white sweaters parade with placards proclaiming, "Father Divine is God." People stranded in the Far West accept the message from ministerial-looking graybeards; at the doors of his Harlem meeting places, youths who might be college boys grow vehement with dialectic; and men listed as metaphysicians in *Who's Who in America* write him letters of praise. The wicked repent, to enter the dormitories where the races mix but the sexes are segregated. "It is wonderful," Divine says. "I am limitless financially, intellectually, socially, politically, and in every way desired. The fruits of the heavenly tree of life can be had by all. This tree is a wonderful thing. I hope you can see the branches which run through me." Many do see the branches and many clutch at the fruits, and if they find them sour they do not complain.

Thursday nights in Harlem he sits with 200 at the long banquet tables. On the walls are huge signs. One hails "Christ our God in the Body called Father Divine." Above him is the word "Peace," and on the four corners of its placard are his portrait, a microphone, a vibrant heart, and a mule's head. A menu on a blackboard says "Peace! Roast chicken! Ham! Thank you, Father." About this table the bolder may touch the hem of their God's garment.

Stand there time after time, watching, or stay for the meeting which follows and you feel the passion in the naïve desires of the crowd. White and black, these people are seeking simply and directly what a civilization has denied them. They confess, shout, dance, sing, weep. Yet you leave with the feeling that you have missed something. You have watched

2,000 individuals become as one—shop girls and laborers, women of means and stew bums, glib and constrained, agitated and passive, all with their aspirations crystallized by this little Negro spellbinder—and you remember there are a thousandfold more in groups throughout the country. You rationalize their needs and motives but you cannot believe in him. Why has this man and not some other let loose the force of their desires? What specifically accounts for this faith of millions in him alone, a belief and hope so vast and so organic as almost to be out of the black leader's hands? It is indeed wonderful!

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A CALENDAR OF CONTROVERSY

October, 1934

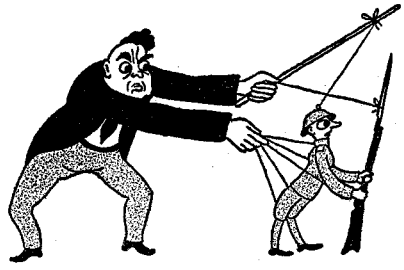
LONG VS. THE PEOPLE

Side Show

IN JULY the cup for fabulous political skullduggery went to the state of North Dakota. And it seemed that it was destined to remain there for some time. But such calculations left out of account Huey P. (Kingfish) Long, the Sands Point Slugger. Senator Long has apparently made up his mind that, when better political sideshows are staged, Long will stage them. The result is the present Louisiana *opéra bouffe*, featuring Mayor Semmes Walmsley of New Orleans and the Kingfish in the heavy rôles. The much-sought-after lady in the piece is Popular Approval.

In the first act, Senator Long's newly acquired enemy, Mayor Walmsley, refused to turn over the administration of the city police force to the State authorities, puppets of the Senator. Thereupon, the Senator, no mincer of words and actions (when properly supported with bodyguards) ordered the State militia to seize the office of the local registrar of voters, "purged" the rolls of 24,000 names of citizens who were not of his political persuasion. Second-act curtain was a rousing climax in which the militia and 500 armed-to-the-teeth city policemen stood ferociously face to face before the City Hall.

At the opening of the third act, the score stood two shots fired, no dead, no wounded. The scene on the revolving stage was shifted to the State Capitol at Baton Rouge, where the Kingfish's



Governor Allen and the Kingfish's legislature passed laws right and left calculated to emasculate the Walmsley faction. The crowning piece was a bill allowing the Senator to hire 50,000 deputies at $5 a day per deputy, to regulate elections in New Orleans. Senator Long reasoned that 50,000 votes thus bought with the taxpayers' money would be enough to elect a congenital idiot. Disgruntled, Mayor Walmsley countered with his pugnacious police force that will allow no armed deputy to approach the polling booths. Senator Long publicly called the Mayor a skunk, polecat, and liar. He accused him of being the tool of vice rings that everyone knows have flourished in New Orleans for generations. Mayor Walmsley called Senator Long a Caligula, pirate, and liar; hastened to clean up the town. With a crucial election in the offing, both sides jockeyed for position. There were threats of bloodshed; the Ku Klux Klan, in its imperial Klanvokation, condemned the Senator.

Press pundits freely translated Kingfish as "der Führer," called his deputies Heimwehr, dubbed his methods Nazi.

DECISION: *Apparently to "der Führer," fortunate that the age of the court jester in high political circles is not yet gone.*

INTEGRITY VS. THE LAW

Endurance Contest

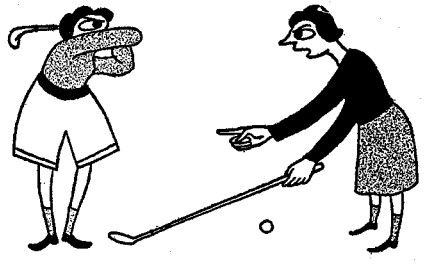
WHEN WESLEY CARTER and Jack Durham, members of the editorial staff of the *Kentucky Advocate*, refused to divulge to Judge Jay W. Harlan their source of information about the hanging of State Representative J. Sterling Towles in effigy, the Judge summarily clapped them in jail for contempt of court. Daily from July 24 to August 3 he hauled the reporters before him and asked if they would reveal where they got their advance information about the hanging. On the grounds that they would violate professional confidence, daily they refused to answer. "If this is to be an endurance contest," said the Judge, "I can stand it." So, back they went to their cells. In the end, two of the hanging culprits confessed, and the Judge considered the case ended. The reporters kept their word. The Judge upheld the law.

DECISION: *Against Representative Towles, who was hanged.*

LONGS VS. SHORTS

Scenic Effects

LAST MONTH Miss Josephine Windle, Chairman of the Women's Metropolitan [New York] Golf Association, became a national figure in a trice. Quietly she announced that women playing in the Association's tournaments would not appear in shorts. At once there were screams of protest. First argument advanced was the age-old chestnut raked from the fire of every feminist dispute: "Men are allowed to be comfortable, why aren't we?" Protestors forgot that male golfers are not allowed to wear shorts for the simple reason that the scenic effect would be far from gratifying. Sports writers and other authorities who have had to watch women playing tennis in shorts pointed out that the indiscriminate wearing of abbreviated golf attire by women would be no gift, either, to public æsthetics.



Miss Beatrice Gottlieb, erstwhile golf partner of the Prince of Wales, rushed into the breach announcing that the Prince wore shorts. Said she, "Shorts are the only sensible thing." Helen Hicks came back with, "Shorts are all right for the kids, but I don't like it for women." The battle raged for a week. A Catholic priest blamed shorts on the cinema, and finally Miss Marion Fisher, winner of the Westchester and Fairfield open championships, and Miss Windle debated over radio station WOR. The ubiquitous NRA quashed the problem, so far as it was concerned, by refusing to permit its office workers to wear shorts.

DECISION: *For the most part to the ladies, who, unfortunately, are at full liberty to decide when and where shorts show them off to the best advantage.*

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California vs. Communism

Stars Fell in Hollywood

California is generally conceded to be a most fertile field for red-baiters. In Los Angeles, scene of the famous McNamara case and many another anti-radical outburst, the authorities pursue the Demon Communist with a vigor and insistence that must warm the cockles of the heart of Hamilton Fish.

Zealous District Attorney Neil McAllister, in the process of running down the source of red funds, announced he had discovered that it was to a large extent Hollywood stars, notably James Cagney, Lupe Velez, Dolores Del Rio, and Ramon Novarro. After denials, presentation of evidence by detectives, and counter-denials, it seemed that Mr.

Cagney gave money to aid some starving people who, incidentally, were communists. Johnny Weissmuller, divorce-denying husband of Miss Velez said, "Why Lupe doesn't even know what the word communism means." Miss Del Rio issued a denial, said she knew where all her money went except her taxes.

Rabidly conservative, Mr. McAllister was not satisfied. He knew that, if he could implicate a star as a red, that star's popularity would be seriously tarnished. He set about getting injunctions against doing anything with communists except shooting them, the open season in California apparently continuing until further notice.

Decision: *To the State of California, which has succeeded in adding to its list of self-proclaimed distinctions the possession of the highest-salaried communists extant.*

Youth vs. Youth

What of It?

Miss Viola Ilma of the Central Bureau of Young America did quite a bit to organize the American Youth Conference at New York University. Two thirds of the delegates accused her of trying to dominate the proceedings and dictate the plan of organization. When she refused to make any concessions they marched off in a cat-calling body.

Promptly, as is the fashion to-day, Miss Ilma dubbed the rump group "reds," for whom she said there was no room. To bolster her argument she said that the Central Bureau of Young America was sponsored by such substantial personages as Miss Ann Morgan, Mrs. August Belmont, Christopher Morley, Arthur Garfield Hays, and John Pell, a Wall Street broker.

Both groups organized separate committees, debated, and passed resolutions. Miss Ilma's conservatives came out for sex education, birth control, and divorce by mutual consent. The "radicals" confined themselves to social problems, such as unemployment insurance and the right of labor to organize.

Decision: *To Miss Ilma, who got her picture in all the papers.*

Right Hand vs. Left Hand

Charm

On the right-hand side of the feature page of the *New York World Telegram* is Westbrook Pegler's column, "Fair Enough." Opposite it is Heywood Broun's "It Seems to Me." One day Mr. Pegler hit upon the idea of blasting the worker who soldiers on his job and spends most of his time urging employees to fight the boss. Mr. Pegler's conclusions were that, if the workers treated the boss with Chesterfieldian charm, the boss would retaliate with something resembling a Ward McAllister gesture.

The next day Mr. Broun said he supposed that Mr. Pegler supposed that all the workers had to do in order to secure social justice was to say "Yes, please; thank you," and doff their caps respectfully each time they passed the boss's picture.

Mr. Pegler was filled with bitterness. Who was Mr. Broun to sneer at charm, anyway? Everyone knew that Mr. Broun sold his column not because it contained anything worth saying but because it was notoriously charming.

Mr. Broun put an end to the controversy once and for all. Sadly he admitted that he sometimes did write "charming" pieces but what he wrote was sincere and, to the best of his knowledge, honest.

Decision: *To the* World-Telegram, *for "owning" two sterling columnists.*

La Bravoure vs. La Politesse

The Life-Saver Prince

His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, sunning himself beside a pool in Biarritz, was awakened by piercing shrieks. He followed the crowd and saw a man, later identified as the Prince's swimming instructor, carrying a bedraggled French boy from the water. The Prince was recognized, and the crowd rushed to him to congratulate his daring rescue. The Prince had risked his life for a boy, a mere helpless child.

They drank toasts, sent off dispatches to newspapers, shouted, "Bravo!" The next day the newspapers carried the Prince's denial of his heroism and his insistence that he was a mere spectator.

A life-saving medal was popped into a purple plush box and sent to his Royal Highness. A long parchment document from Paris begged him to accept the decoration. But modestly he declined. Being a mere Englishman, he could not be expected to see that it made no difference whether or not he was the actual rescuer.

Decision: *To the modest fellow who saved the child.*

Dill vs. the Press

Indignation

The National Association of Broadcasters invited Senator Clarence C. Dill (D., Washington) to speak at its national convention on September 17. Senator Dill decided to discuss "News by Radio." Obviously he needed first-hand material, and obviously the easiest way to get it was to write to the various broadcasting companies to find out just what they thought of the possibilities of adequate news broadcasts.

Unfortunately, Senator Dill left two points out of his calculations. The press and the press associations are distinctly opposed to news broadcasts. The second was that government stationery and franked mail are for the use of Senators only in connection with official business.

When the papers got their fingers on one of Senator Dill's questionnaires in a franked envelope and enclosing a franked reply envelope, they threw their reportorial caps in the air and let fly a broadside. They were indeed shocked that public monies should thus be misused.

Not a little of the violence of this shock was caused by the ill-concealed idea behind the Dill questionnaire: that radio should supplant press associations, set up its own agencies to provide free news.

Decision: *A draw—so far.*

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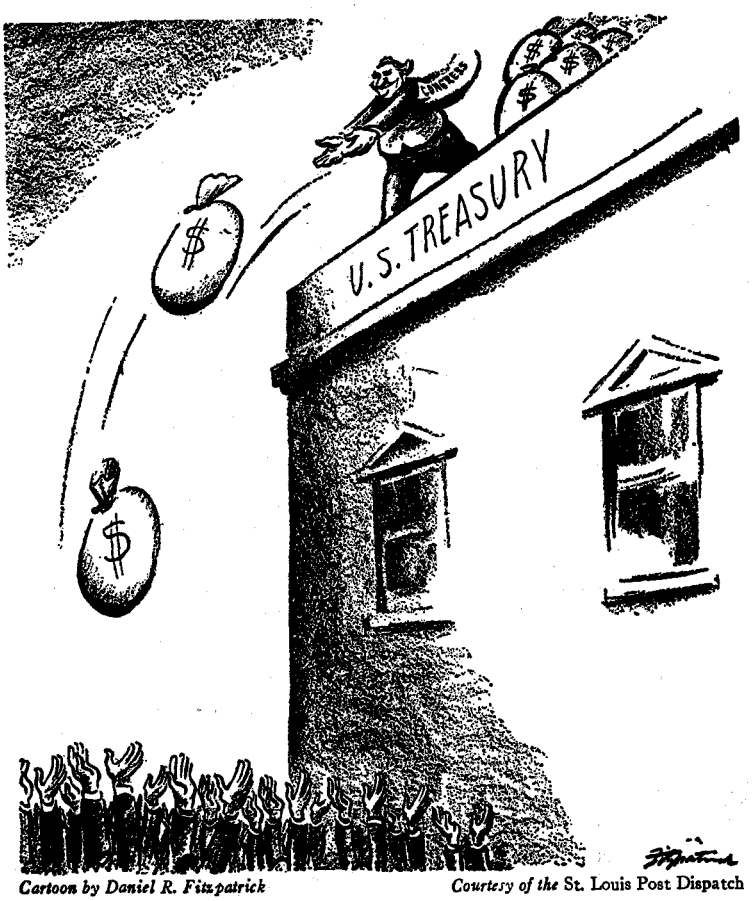
THE FORUM BLACK LIST



Cartoon by Daniel R. Fitzpatrick *Courtesy of the* St. Louis Post Dispatch

Buying Votes With Other People's Money

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WIDESPREAD public resentment towards the organized and threatening Washington lobby of the American Legion and particularly against the nation's legislators of both houses who overrode President Roosevelt's veto of the Independent Offices Bill — to reintroduce the notorious presumptive cases and add a new load to the national debt in the name of war veterans — is unequivocally expressed to THE FORUM by readers throughout the nation. They demand publication of a list of Senators and Representatives who have selfishly placed personal interest above national interest.

Thousands of patriotic veterans and public-spirited citizens are ready to stump in November against these legislators in order to stamp out what they claim to be an unbridled and un-American racket. They know the facts of the American Legion four-point program which neglects the hungry war widow to benefit the ex-soldier, in many cases undeserving, who is ready to cast his vote at a price.

They believe that this growing graft on the public treasury must stop, that the way to stop it is at the polls on November 8. President Roosevelt has repeatedly proclaimed that our national emergency calls on all to put America's need above special privilege.

Here are the names of the men whose terms expire next year who failed President Roosevelt by overriding his veto on March 28, 1934.

SENATORS

Following is the list of United States Senators who voted for the Independent Offices Bill over the President's veto and who are to be replaced on November 8.

Note: State of Maine election: Sept. 10.

ARIZONA
Henry F. Ashurst

CALIFORNIA
Hiram W. Johnson

CONNECTICUT
Frederic C. Walcott

DELAWARE
John G. Townsend, Jr.

IDAHO
Key Pittman

INDIANA
Arthur R. Robinson

MAINE
Frederick Hale

MARYLAND
Phillips Lee Goldsborough

MASSACHUSETTS
David I. Walsh

MICHIGAN
Arthur H. Vandenberg

MINNESOTA
Henrik Shipstead

MISSOURI
Roscoe C. Patterson

MONTANA
Burton K. Wheeler

NEW JERSEY
Hamilton F. Kean

NEW MEXICO
Bronson Cutting

NEW YORK
Royal S. Copeland

NORTH DAKOTA
Lynn J. Frazier

OHIO
Simeon D. Fess

PENNSYLVANIA
David A. Reed

RHODE ISLAND
Felix Hebert

TENNESSEE
Kenneth McKellar

VERMONT
Warren R. Austin

WASHINGTON
Clarence C. Dill

WEST VIRGINIA
Henry D. Hatfield

WISCONSIN
Robert M. La Follette, Jr.

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REPRESENTATIVES

Following is the list of members of the House of Representatives who voted for the Independent Offices Bill over the President's veto and who are to be replaced on November 8. Their successors will take office January 3, 1935.

ALABAMA
A. H. Carmichael
George Huddleston
Lamar Jeffers

ARIZONA
Isabella Greenway

ARKANSAS
Ben Cravens
William J. Driver
Claude A. Fuller
D. D. Glover
John E. Miller
Tilman B. Parks

CALIFORNIA
Frank H. Buck
John H. Burke
George Burnham
Albert E. Carter
Denver S. Church
Charles J. Colden
Samuel L. Collins
John F. Dockweiler
Ralph R. Eltse
Harry L. Englebright
William E. Evans
John H. Hoeppel
Florence P. Kahn
Charles Kramer
Clarence F. Lea
John J. McGrath
Henry E. Stubbs
William I. Traeger
Richard J. Welch

COLORADO
Fred Cummings
Lawrence Lewis
John A. Martin
Edward T. Taylor

CONNECTICUT
Charles M. Bakewell
Edward W. Goss
William L. Higgins
Herman P. Kopplemann
Francis T. Maloney
Schuyler Merritt

DELAWARE
Wilbur L. Adams

FLORIDA
William J. Sears

GEORGIA
Paul Brown
Bryant T. Castellow
Braswell Deen
Homer C. Parker
Robert Ramspeck
Malcolm C. Tarver
Carl Vinson
John S. Wood

IDAHO
Thomas C. Coffin
Compton I. White

ILLINOIS
J. Leroy Adair
Leo E. Allen
William W. Arnold
Fred A. Britten
John T. Buckbee
Everett M. Dirksen
D. C. Dobbins
Frank Gillespie
Kent E. Keller
Edward A. Kelly
James A. Meeks
P. H. Moynihan
Walter Nesbit
Claude V. Parsons
Edwin M. Schaefer
Leonard W. Schuetz
Chester Thompson

INDIANA
Eugene B. Crowe
George R. Durgan
James I. Farley
Finly H. Gray
Glenn Griswold
William H. Larrabee
Louis Ludlow
Samuel B. Pettengill

IOWA
Cassius C. Dowell
Fred C. Gilchrist
Bernhard M. Jacobsen
Lloyd Thurston
Otha D. Wearin
Albert C. Willford

KANSAS
W. A. Ayres
Randolph Carpenter
U. S. Guyer
Clifford R. Hope
W. P. Lambertson
Kathryn O'Loughlin McCarthy
Harold McGugin

KENTUCKY
Glover H. Cary
Virgil Chapman
Finley Hamilton
Andrew J. May
Brent Spence
Fred M. Vinson

LOUISIANA
Cleveland Dear
René L. DeRouen
Joachim O. Fernandez
Paul H. Maloney
Numa F. Montet
John N. Sandlin
Riley J. Wilson

MARYLAND
Stephen W. Gambrill
T. Alan Goldsborough
Vincent L. Palmisano

MASSACHUSETTS
A. Piatt Andrew

MASSACHUSETTS (*Continued*)
William P. Connery, Jr.
John J. Douglass
Frank H. Foss
Charles L. Gifford
William J. Granfield
Arthur D. Healey
Pehr G. Holmes
Joseph W. Martin, Jr.
John W. McCormack
Edith Nourse Rogers
Allen T. Treadway
Richard B. Wigglesworth

MICHIGAN
Prentiss M. Brown
John D. Dingell
George A. Dondero
George Foulkes
Michael J. Hart
W. Frank James
John C. Lehr
John Lesinski
Carl E. Mapes
Clarence J. McLeod
Harry W. Musselwhite
Carl M. Weideman
Jesse P. Wolcott
Roy O. Woodruff

MINNESOTA
Henry Arens
Ray P. Chase
Theodore Christianson
Magnus Johnson
Harold Knutson
Paul J. Kvale
Ernest Lundeen

MISSISSIPPI
Jeff Busby
Ross A. Collins
William M. Colmer
Wall Doxey
Russell Ellzey
John E. Rankin

MISSOURI
Clarence Cannon
Clement C. Dickinson
Frank H. Lee
Ralph F. Lozier
Joseph B. Shannon
Reuben T. Wood

MONTANA
Roy E. Ayers
Joseph P. Monaghan

NEBRASKA
Terry M. Carpenter
Edgar Howard
John H. Morehead
Ashton C. Shallenberger

NEVADA
James G. Scrugham

NEW HAMPSHIRE
William N. Rogers
Charles W. Tobey

NEW JERSEY
Oscar L. Auf der Heide

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REPRESENTATIVES

(CONTINUED)

NEW JERSEY
(*Continued*)
Isaac Bacharach
Peter A. Cavicchia
Charles A. Eaton
Fred A. Hartley, Jr.
Frederick R. Lehlbach
Donald H. McLean
D. Lane Powers
George N. Seger
William H. Sutphin
Charles A. Wolverton

NEW MEXICO
Dennis Chavez

NEW YORK
Walter G. Andrews
Robert L. Bacon
Alfred F. Beiter
Loring M. Black, Jr.
Sol Bloom
William F. Brunner
Frank Crowther
Francis D. Culkin
Thomas H. Cullen
John J. Delaney
Samuel Dickstein
Hamilton Fish, Jr.
John Fitzgibbons
James M. Fitzpatrick
Joseph A. Gavagan
Philip A. Goodwin
Anthony J. Griffin
Clarence E. Hancock
James J. Lanzetta
George W. Lindsay
James M. Mead
Charles D. Millard
Frank Oliver
Daniel A. Reed
Stephen A. Rudd
William I. Sirovich
Fred J. Sisson
Bertrand H. Snell
Andrew L. Somers
Gale H. Stalker
Christopher D. Sullivan
John Taber
James W. Wadsworth
James L. Whitley

NORTH CAROLINA
Charles L. Abernethy
Frank Hancock
John H. Kerr
Zebulon Weaver

NORTH DAKOTA
William Lemke
James H. Sinclair

OHIO
Chester C. Bolton
John G. Cooper

OHIO
(*Continued*)
Robert Crosser
Warren J. Duffey
Brooks Fletcher
William E. Hess
John B. Hollister
Lawrence E. Imhoff
Thomas A. Jenkins
Frank L. Kloeb
Frank C. Kniffin
Arthur P. Lamneck
L. T. Marshall
Robert T. Secrest
Martin L. Sweeney
Charles V. Truax
Stephen M. Young

OKLAHOMA
Wilburn Cartwright
Wesley E. Disney
William W. Hastings
Jed Johnson
James V. McClintic
Tom D. McKeown
Will Rogers
Fletcher B. Swank

OREGON
Charles H. Martin
James W. Mott
Walter M. Pierce

PENNSYLVANIA
Patrick J. Boland
Thomas C. Cochran
James J. Connolly
George P. Darrow
J. William Ditter
Isaac H. Doutrich
Matthew A. Dunn
George W. Edmonds
Charles I. Faddis
Benjamin K. Focht
Harry L. Haines
Clyde Kelly
J. Roland Kinzer
J. Banks Kurtz
Louis T. McFadden
Michael J. Muldowney
Harry C. Ransley
Robert F. Rich
William E. Richardson
Nathan L. Strong
J. Howard Swick
C. Murray Turpin
Alfred M. Waldron
Francis E. Walter
James Wolfenden

RHODE ISLAND
Francis B. Condon

SOUTH CAROLINA
Hampton P. Fulmer

SOUTH CAROLINA
(*Continued*)
Allard H. Gasque
Thomas S. McMillan
John J. McSwain
James P. Richards
John C. Taylor

SOUTH DAKOTA
Fred H. Hildebrandt
Theo. B. Werner

TENNESSEE
Gordon Browning
Jere Cooper
Edward H. Crump
John R. Mitchell
B. Carroll Reece
J. Will Taylor
Clarence W. Turner

TEXAS
Joseph W. Bailey, Jr.
Thomas L. Blanton
Martin Dies
Luther A. Johnson
Marvin Jones
Richard M. Kleberg
Joseph J. Mansfield
W. D. McFarlane
Wright Patman
Morgan G. Sanders
Sterling P. Strong
George B. Terrell
R. Ewing Thomason
Clark W. Thompson

UTAH
Abe Murdock
J. W. Robinson

WASHINGTON
Knute Hill
Samuel B. Hill
Wesley Lloyd
Martin F. Smith
Monrad C. Wallgren
Marion A. Zioncheck

WEST VIRGINIA
George W. Johnson
John Kee
Robert L. Ramsay
Jennings Randolph
Joe L. Smith

WISCONSIN
George W. Blanchard
Gerald J. Boileau
Raymond J. Cannon
James A. Frear
Charles W. Henney
Thomas O'Malley
Hubert H. Peavey
Gardner R. Withrow

WYOMING
Vincent Carter

R. I. P.

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THE SEX TRAP

BY ALBERT B. SHIELD

Social problems arising from sex have more recently receded in public attention before those founded in economic causes. The Editor does not believe, however, that they no longer exist. And as they are, first of all, the concern of youth, it has seemed appropriate that the first of several articles on them should be by a young man. Mr. Shield writes: "All this may be a settled issue with you — it is very much alive with us." His paper will be followed by others expressing other points of view.

MOST PEOPLE do not admit the existence of such a thing as a sex problem. They believe that everything is cut and dried; that our divorce troubles can be solved by our legislatures; that prostitution can be eliminated by an efficient police force; that juvenile delinquency can be cured in reform schools with cat-o'-nine-tails; that venereal diseases are not problems until they break out, and then it is up to the medical profession to handle them; and so on. It is high time society began to realize that these things are in fact manifestations of the sex problem. Social groups cannot improve it by repressing it and covering up its symptoms. We cannot cure jaundice or scarlet fever by painting the patient white. The symptoms are valuable for a diagnosis, but we must treat the *cause* of the symptoms if we want to eliminate them and prevent their recurrence.

I am not going to attempt to present a solution. I must leave that for more experienced minds, I am told. However, my endeavor to show that sex is a great social problem and that the present attitudes of society toward it are harmful repressives, and *not* beneficial guides to modern youth, will not be stifled. I shall probably be told that this task also should be reserved for more mature minds to consider. Allow me to say that more mature minds are concerned with problems which arise *from* mature minds and not problems which torment the mind of adolescent youth. Unfortunately, mature minds usually apply their points of view without giving consideration to the requisites and capacities, the special difficulties of youth.

II

IN DISCUSSING the sex situation as it exists and affects the lives of a boy and a girl somewhere, probably at this very moment, I will borrow a few lines from ex-Judge Ben B. Lindsey, one of the few men who possess the perspicacity necessary to an understanding of the problems of youth. In his *House of Human Welfare* Mr. Lindsey presents:

> A girl and a boy, ignorant of their bodies and their minds, beset with desire for one another. They are torn between that desire and their fear of society, and perhaps the Wrath of God threatened by the church. They don't dare seek advice from somebody older, wiser and more experienced than themselves, because that would subject them to reproach and exposure, and perhaps deprive them of the power to make their own choice. They would be courting coercion and punishment. So they keep their own counsel and take their chance . . . they are ignorant of their ignorance.

This is the setting not only for an "American Tragedy" but for the common, everyday, pathetic tragedy of humanity. This is a presentation not only of the major problem of adolescence but of the main contributing cause of all the manifestations which so deeply affect society in general. This is what we have to consider when we study rape and abortion, marriage and divorce. This is where the twig is bent. This is how the trap is laid.

What are the consequences? Dreiser has portrayed the murder of the girl by a weak boy driven nearly mad with fear. More often the two young people go on with their shameful, fear-ridden, clandestine meetings, trusting blindly in an inadequate and gutter-born knowledge of contraception to keep them on

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the acceptable side of society. Blindly they are walking into the trap.

Perhaps the god of chance frowns on them and they are blessed (or cursed) with nature's promise of a child. What lies before them? Is it an abortionist's table, with hours of almost unendurable pain for the girl, or shall they allow the child to come into the world — endure society's contemptuous reproach and give it another innocent victim to jibe and jeer at, to brand with the stigma, "bastard"?

Suppose they do the conventional thing and marry. He and she are, by one transforming stroke of fate, plunged into a new environment, a new world, the world of bread and butter. He leaves his school and home, she hers. They go about making a home of their own in the best way they know. Their ambitions are shattered. Instead of potential supports in our social world, they are now merely members. "Ah!" someone may say, "they are doing their duty by society in bringing forth and rearing a child who may some day be a second Einstein or a second Roosevelt." Yes! and likely some day to be caught in the same trap that nature and our social order set and baited for its parents.

Perhaps our boy and girl *are* thus doing the right thing by society, but they are not nearly the useful members they might have been, had they waited and grown enough mentally to know what an important step they were taking. Better had they waited until they knew that what they really wanted was each other and not merely each other's bodies; until they knew how to provide a proper environment for the child; in short, until they knew what life meant before they experimented with it.

They are, however, legally married but are they happy? There are many cases, no doubt, where such a couple is reasonably happy, but in as many cases it is not. What is there about a forced marriage to make for happiness? What would be its logical consequences?

Let us assume that our young partners in marriage after a time find that they are incompatible. They argue and nag at each other, and the child, the innocent result of society's crime, is brought up in an environment which is not at all conducive to his welfare. And if his parents at times seek peace, love, and sexual gratification elsewhere, new complexities may result. If we stop to realize that gonorrhea is responsible for much of the blindness in this country and that syphilis is responsible for practically all cases of locomotor ataxia and general paralysis of the brain, a large percentage of insanity, many still-born babies and early deaths of children, and a large percentage of sterility; that venereal diseases are spread mainly by mercenary sexual relations; that mercenary sexual relations are a natural outgrowth of our strict moral standards; and that the forces of governmental legislation and religion have been powerless for many thousands of years to combat successfully this form of vice, we begin to see that civilization has not progressed very far.

And aside from the many murders, rapes, suicides, and so on which result from society's attitude toward sex, our divorce courts (with their unreasonable alimony provisions) stand out as symbolic monuments to the martyrdom of an ignorant, custom-controlled people to an equally ignorant, dogmatically prudish social oligarchy. By this latter I mean the unreasoning element in our clergy, our ignorant politicians, and other narrow-minded elders who consider themselves reformers and are nothing but *de*formers.

Regardless of the phraseology used in divorce-court records in listing the causes of divorce, the one outstanding, evidence-conditioning cause is incompatibility — the mutual inability of husband and wife to live in harmonious agreement. It is this state of incompatibility, this *real* divorce from the ideals of marriage, that gives rise to the cases of desertion, cruelty, and so forth which must be proved to obtain a legal decree.

III

I HAVE attempted to present in a general way the existing social sex situation. Why does it exist? What are the causal factors? We do not have to delve deeply into abstruse psychological theories to state them. One truth is that people become biologically mature years before they become mentally mature. But an equally cogent fact is that many young couples cannot marry when they otherwise would because of the economic requirements which they must first meet. Here, in this maladjustment of the economic factor and the antiquated

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social factor, are the jaws of the sex trap. Either we must force the economic factor back (or shall I say forward?) to a stage where the young couple will not find it necessary to consider finances in contemplating marriage or we must change our notions of morality. I am inclined to think it will not be the former, because we are prone to call the economic changes we have made throughout the ages "progress." Therefore, the probable change is that of the social factor, our conception of morality. If we can start with the conviction that it is not wrong to attempt to eliminate causes of divorce, abortion, suicide, we will, in truth, be making progress.

The most difficult obstacle to such change is the connotation of filth which is commonly associated with the subject of sex. Because of this it is hushed up and kept in the dark.

Why do we consider sex and shame synonymous? What is there in our psychological make-up which makes us hesitate to bring it out in the open where it can be analyzed? What is sex anyhow? Yes! I know it covers all the relations — physical, psychic and so on — between normal males and females; but this is empirical, not fundamental. What is it fundamentally? Is it, as many believe, a remnant in us of the brute, something lower than human? No. It is essentially an accompaniment of human development.

Consider the story of evolution in the first chapter of Genesis. It records the beginning of all things — the unliving first of all, the lower life; and, last of all, man. For sex appears and develops as life rises in the scale. Amœbæ reproduce by budding or fission; there is no sex. As we go higher we find the plant, which has sex but which reproduces entirely mechanically; there is no force of will. Then come the lower animals, and in them sex is present, and desire and mutual attraction. The higher animals are more than "mated"; they feel responsible for their offspring. In man, mating means desire and attraction, love, responsibility, and loving care of offspring. Thus we see that sex raises the whole of humanity *above* the level of the beast.

Surely thought of this nature cannot explain why society considers sex morally impure. Let us go back to primitive times and see if, with the aid of Havelock Ellis, we can formulate a plausible theory.

Primitive people associated sex with horror and awe because it was the least intelligible of all their activities. It seemed charged with magic potency. The sex drive, we must remember, does not find causation from without; it is not the result of perceptual stimuli (although external stimuli may offer suggestions for its release). It is generated subconsciously by the complex mechanism of the ductless glands, and is manifest in the whole structure of the individual — organic, physical, and psychic. Primitive man was often seized with a spontaneous sex desire; he was as one possessed. This inner drive was irresistible to him. He was not affected by the repressive and sublimating forces which society has since devised. He did not associate the sex act with childbirth. They came too many moons apart to have any connection for him. Childbirth was the result of proper propitiation of the god of fertility. And the uncontrollable desire was probably the result of improper propitiation to some other god. It drove him on to fight and kill so that it could be satisfied. It was powerful and it was unknown. It was associated with excretory organs. It was thus unclean. It must be the devil — taboo. The echo of this conception, through tradition, has determined this modern world's idea of what is impure.

Not that primitive man stopped to analyze this desire and philosophically concluded that it must be the devil. He probably went right ahead to satisfy his biological craving, as any other animal of to-day would do — without giving a hoot whether it was innate or acquired, pure or impure. But his witch doctors and medicine men, those first primitive philosophers, the first real thinkers, the founders of all religion, they, in all probability, were the ones who so reflected and so theorized.

Nevertheless, the result is quite evident. The question of sex has been handed down through the ages to our civilization marked "Poison! Do not examine! Use as directed." Thus we, the innocent holders in due course, accept everything in good faith, endorse it, and pass it on regardless of consequences.

IV

How is it that, in this seemingly enlightened era, you and I should feel ashamed of sex? A child asks how puppies, kittens, or

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babies are brought into the world. It is not a "sex" question. It is merely that natural "how?" and "why?" which is responsible for all of humanity's learning. He is innocently and normally asking his question. Nine times out of ten the child is made to feel that he should not have asked it. This is, perhaps, the first rebuff he receives, and he is puzzled but all the more curious for it. He grows and gets his information from other children in an atmosphere of shame and secrecy. The natural tendency of the child is to believe any idea which is clearly formed in his mind, especially if he knows of no conflicting, dispelling facts. He believes, he mingles, and the grimy secret is passed on from one ignorant, little mind to another, and that divine gift, one of the loveliest that belongs to humanity, is handed on to the rising generation covered with mud.

Yet society is not wholly stagnant concerning sex. It is beginning to overcome the inertia of centuries. We are beginning to progress; but it is only a beginning.

Here is the legal opinion of Judge A. N. Hand, in a decision of the Circuit Court of Appeals, reversing the decision for the conviction of Mary Ware Dennett for the circulation of a pamphlet entitled *The Sex Side of Life* and alleged to be obscene:

> It may reasonably be thought that accurate information, rather than mystery and curiosity, is better in the long run and is less likely to occasion lascivious thoughts than ignorance and anxiety. . . . We hold that an accurate exposition of the relevant facts of the sex side of life in decent language and in a manifestly serious and disinterested spirit, cannot ordinarily be regarded as obscene.

The significance of the Mary Ware Dennett affair, however, lies not so much in the fact that there are a few enlightened jurists in our midst but in the fact that there still exist numerous social influences (such as the Watch and Ward Society and the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice) that rigidly oppose any attempt at social progress. Conditions, to them, never change. They seem to think that life has been neatly laid out in small, checkerboard squares and that any attempt at change from the ancient ways is blasphemous and points to social ruin. These people show their ignorance by placing veneration before reason.

Happily, many church organizations are becoming amenable to the extent that they are sponsoring publications that do attempt to "analyze," which is, as Wundt says, such a necessary step in scientific investigation.

"The Church Militant" published in London as a monthly organ of the League of the Church Militant of London, has carried a series of sermons by Miss A. M. Royden on the subject of "Sex and Moral Standards" which were indeed encouraging.

M. J. Exner, M.D., Secretary of the International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, has published many enlightening studies on the subject. No doubt there are many others connected with the Church who also admit the existence of a grave sex problem and the inability of that problem to adjust itself.

The Church, however, can suggest only one thing — absolute continence until marriage. Obviously, this can do nothing for many of the social afflictions previously mentioned. If such continence were faithfully and universally practiced it would, no doubt, do much in helping to retard the spread of venereal diseases, since they are spread mainly by promiscuous sexual relations; but it would only aggravate the other conditions.

The sex trap has been made out of maladjustments. Since sociology is the study of contemporary society in which problems arising from maladjustments are stressed, and since the art of organizing public opinion is the consummate application of the art of sociology, it is up to the science of applied sociology, not governmental restrictions nor traditional taboos, to drag us up out of this chaotic slough of moral ignorance. Let us have non-partisan committees (with Hoover's Committee on Social Trends and Roosevelt's Committee on Economic Security as examples), and let ourselves and our government be guided by their findings. Let the Church, the government, the people co-operate as a *sociological* unit toward making this a better place in which to live rather than a better place in which to muddle through a maladjusted existence.

In an early issue: "The Psychic Side of Sex," by Ernest R. Groves

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IS FASCISM COLLAPSING?

BY ROBERT BRIFFAULT

Fascism is on the march. Its impressive and grandiose expansion through the world prefigures the eventual universality of fascism. To arrest that march is not possible.

THUS does the *Popolo d'Italia* sing the triumphant spread of fascist rule. It may be, however, that the development of that phase of European reaction has already attained its summit and is even now approaching a precipitous decline.

To-day, while some 170 millions of people in Europe (exclusive of the Soviet Union) live under régimes which are still nominally democratic, more than 204 millions are subject to fascist domination. The surviving democratic governments themselves have so modified the application of democratic principles that their opposition is accounted merely nominal. In France a government which has obtained full powers to dispense with parliamentary discussion in financial matters has appointed a commission to report on the revision of the constitution. The proposed modifications would so curtail the powers of the Chamber of Deputies as practically to abolish them. The Spanish Republic, whose model constitution was acclaimed three years ago, is now at the mercy of reaction, and the fascist leader, Gil Robles, is expected at any moment to assume dictatorial power. Switzerland is now notoriously fascist in sympathy and tendencies. There are strong fascist parties in Czechoslovakia and Belgium. Similar orientations are present in Holland, Denmark, and Sweden.

To the objective observer it is apparent that, other things remaining equal, it is only a matter of time until the whole of Europe, with the possible exception of England, shall become avowedly fascist. But that contingency does depend upon "other things remaining equal." By that is meant, for one thing, that war in the meantime shall be successfully warded off. Every European government, whether fascist or not, knows, or at least fears, that the outbreak of war would be the signal for revolution in the rear. Consequently, despite the frantic race for armaments and the scarcely veiled threats of war, never have militaristic states been so cautious in avoiding a *casus belli*.

II

BUT THERE IS another possibility which is ever more closely approaching the plane of probability. Despite the seemingly triumphant spread of fascism in Europe, the conditions at present obtaining in the two most important fascist states, Italy and Germany, are such that, even before the danger of war materializes, fascist power may crumble down in sheer material chaos and dissolution.

The Bloody Saturday of Adolf Hitler is a definite sign of this and coincides with an economic condition in Germany which presages both collapse and possible revolt from below, but it may be felt that Germany is a special case. What of the patron saint of fascism, Mussolini, and his land where the trains run on time and where for fifteen years he has had an opportunity to establish his doctrines?

The mounting figures of total unemployment in Italy have been, according to the League of Nations reports: 113,901 in 1926; 734,454 in 1931; 1,008,953 in 1933; and 1,158,418 in 1934. The Under Secretary of State for Corporations wrote in 1932:

> Between June 1927 and December 1928, the wages of industrial workers fell by 20 per cent. In 1929 a new drop of 10 per cent took place. In 1930 there was a general lowering of wages, varying according to the categories of workers, from 18 to 20 per cent.

The director of a fascist syndicate states that between 1927 and 1932 the wages of

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glass workers have fallen from 30 to 40 per cent; of metal workers, 23 per cent; of workers in the building trades, 30 per cent. Real wages have decreased in many cases by 50 per cent. The cost of living during the same period has fallen by only 22 per cent and remains extraordinarily high. The burden of direct taxation falls in Italy on the workers to greater excess than in any other country.

While workers are suffering from deflation of wages, industrial enterprises are further handicapped by the enormous tax burden, chiefly brought about by efforts to keep up agricultural prices. The effect may be gauged by the gold index of over a thousand leading industrial shares on the market, given by the *Journal de la Bourse*. Taking the prices in 1913 as 100, those values are: for 1929, 34.7; for 1930, 31.5; for 1931, 22.1; for 1932, 14.1, for 1933, 16.9. External trade has been reduced to nearly one fourth of what it was in 1925, and the adverse balance has increased in like proportion.

Signor Mussolini has endeavored to camouflage the truly desperate conditions, and the even more desperate famine-producing measures intended to stem them, by the ballyhoo of the Corporative State. Divested of its cloud of verbiage, the Italian "corporative economy" represents nothing but what has long been known as "compulsory arbitration." The theory has never been put into practice and is brought out anew only when it is desired to break the workers' powers of collective bargaining and defensive action.

At the very moment that the "Chief of the State" was perorating at the Palazzo Venezia over "corporations" that are to help enforce the Draconian measures of misery decreed by a stroke of his pen, the starving workers of the closed sulphur mines in Sicily were rioting in the streets of Caltanissetta, crying for bread. Such was the extremity of their misery that even the police and the militia gangs of the fascist government had not the heart to carry out effective repression. At Pratolo Poligna, near Aquila, however, four workers were wounded, and one killed, in a similar food riot.

III

In Italy the opposition to the fascist régime has never ceased. Fascism has maintained its power by the same means it established it. An impression has been disseminated that, although fascism was established by violence and terrorism, its position has become so secure that such measures have long since

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been dispensed with. The impression is incorrect. The plebiscite of April, 1934, which was accounted an indispensable preliminary to putting into force the drastic reductions of wages and other measures imposing misery and starvation, rendered necessary by the economic bankruptcy of the fascist state, was attended by a terrorism not excelled at the time of the "March on Rome." The balloting was open, and the most violent intimidation was exercised by the state forces. Nevertheless, in Turin the negative votes have been estimated at between 12,000 and 15,000, and those who abstained from voting numbered 40,000. Similar reports were forthcoming from Milan. In Venice the "plebiscite" led to violent riots, which the militia were unable to control before several of the "Dopolavoro" houses had been wrecked.

Open opposition to fascism is, despite all measures of terrorism, assuming ever-larger proportions in recent months. Practically the whole of Sicily and Calabria is now manifesting openly its anti-fascist spirit. At Bistari, Mussolini was burnt in effigy. At Catanzaro, a procession was stopped by masses of rioters shouting anti-fascist slogans. At Udine, in February, large demonstrations, including women and children, paraded, crying "Down with fascism." Anti-fascist riots have taken place in Livorno. Everything indicates that the opposition to fascism which is in reality almost universal among the working classes is daily becoming bolder. There can be no doubt that it will receive a large impetus from the drastic measures necessitated by economic bankruptcy.

One of the chief dangers of the desperate situation in which German nazism and Italian fascism now find themselves is that either of them may be driven to cast aside the prudence which has hitherto restrained them from facing the risks of war. Circumstances may deprive them of the power of choice. A desperate venture may offer them the only chance of escape from impending internal disaster.

Both Italy and Germany have been compelled to uphold their policies of demagogy by utter economic recklessness. The effects of that recklessness, as well as the intrinsically unsubstantial and unreal character of their policies, have resulted in a situation well-nigh desperate. The unmistakable signs of the anxiety which that situation is causing Hitler were seen in the massacre of June 30. The signs are no less marked in Italy.

Economic distress is everywhere at the present time the rule, not the exception. Mussolini has not failed to avail himself of the excuse that the financial difficulties of Italy are in some degree common to all capitalist countries. The plea is legitimate, although it stands in contradiction to the fascist claims that their controlled economics transcend the ordinary ills of capitalism. As regards Italy, it is to be noted that the economic crisis began to manifest itself in that country two years before it was apparent to the rest of the world. While other capitalist countries continued until 1929 to congratulate themselves on conditions of "prosperity," fascist Italy, which had begun before the "March on Rome" to recover economic stability, came on critical times in 1927. This was very clearly brought out by the Institute of Statistics of the University of Rome, an institution which was accordingly suppressed by the fascists.

The latest trade figures for Germany and Italy are revealing. Germany's foreign-trade report for June showed a deficit of 38,000,000 marks. The total deficit for the first half of 1934 was 216,000,000, which compares with a surplus of 291,000,000 for the same period of 1933. Otto D. Tolischus, correspondent of the *New York Times* in Germany, wrote:

> Chancellor Hitler has admitted German exports have slumped and imports risen more than those of any other country. Italy is a close second in both respects.

The optimistic talk heard, in those European countries which still remain nominally democratic, about the power of organized democratic resistance to fascism is not justified by the facts of experience. "Other things equal," the continued extension of the fascist régime in Europe appears inevitable. But it is more than doubtful that the balance in the meantime will remain steady. It appears more probable that before it has spread to the whole continent, the fascist phase in Europe will suffer an interruption by the complete internal collapse of fascist Italy or nazi Germany or by the outbreak of a war which will be a direct result of the imminence of that collapse.

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THE WORLD AS I WANT IT

BY NORMAN THOMAS

It is not easy to answer your questions about the kind of world I want because I have never been able to make an altogether satisfactory map of my own Utopia nor have I found any description of it which seemed to me wholly delectable.

But I know in general terms what I want. I want a fellowship of free men who have learned the secret of the shared abundance which the modern machine makes possible. I want a world rid once and for all of poverty, economic insecurity, and the menace of war. Such a world would release unbelievable energies for the discovery of truth and the creation of beauty.

Beyond all doubt the absorbing problem of our time is economic, and we shall not know social peace or quiet of mind until the economic problem is solved. In the decades that lie ahead liberty will have little meaning, at any rate for the masses, except as it can be realized in the economy of abundance. The temptation, not only for opponents of fundamental social change like the fascists, wedded to their idols of property and the absolute national state, but also for the advocates of the co-operative commonwealth, is to neglect, postpone, or even despise questions connected with individual freedom, at least during the transitional period. Most of them also have at least one more war in view which they would regard as holy or necessary.

II

For myself I abhor the regimented and intolerant world of our modern dictators. With all my admiration of many things Russian and my hope for future achievement as the result of the Russian Revolution the degree of its dictatorship and its ruthless sacrifice of the individual to that somewhat mystical entity, the working class, do not characterize the kind of world I want or warrant unmixed optimism for the future. The fascist dictatorship is not redeemed by any passion for social justice or any avowal that it is for a transitional period only. By the nature of its own ideals and organization the fascist world will be a world of war; it may approximate the horror of Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* without even the virtue of a regimented peace.

I am a socialist and not a communist because I do not believe the world I want can best be won by calm acceptance of the inevitability of large-scale violence, by a glorification of hate, or by making a virtue of intolerant dictatorship. I do not believe that the failure of Kerensky or the German Social Democrats, or the unsatisfactory achievements of the British Labor Party in office are a complete and final proof of the necessary and inevitable failure of democracy in the struggle against exploitation and poverty. They are proof of the failure of a hypocritical and mechanical democracy under capitalism and of the necessity that seekers after a new world are under to have a will to power, a program for action, and effective organization.

You will see that my mind dwells more on the road to power than upon a precise description of the new world. The economics of any satisfactory world must be socialistic. The fellowship of any decent world must cross racial lines and abolish the class division of society. No absolute national state can be the ultimate unit in its organization. There must be effective social control of economic processes, at least until habits of co-operation are firmly fixed. But even on the road to that world here in America there ought to be more and not less freedom and dignity for the individual in proportion as he is released from the menace of war and a frightened subservience to the owners of his job.

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THE WHY OF QUINTUPLETS

BY LUCILE GREBENC

WHEN, IN THE aftermath of the excitement attending the addition of five daughters to his already large family, the French Canadian father of our most recent and publicized set of quintuplets moaned, "A man like me ought to be jailed," he was indulging in conceit that had no basis in fact. In this particular instance he had no more to do with the creation of his five daughters who appeared simultaneously, as one reckons time in mammalian gestation, than he had when each of his other children was started on its journey of individual existence. The quintuplets happen to have originated from the union of a single pair of parental germ cells.

In those mammalian species of which a single offspring at a time is characteristic, multiple gestation may be of two forms: it may be of multiple origin, that is, arising from the fertilization of more than one ovum; or it may be of single-ovum origin (technically known as uni-ovular, or monozygotic). The first form is of less interest, biologically, since the individuals are purely fraternal, differing from other brothers and sisters of the same parents only in the fact that they were born at the same time rather than at more or less lengthy intervals. Biologically, such multiplication by release and development of more than a single ovum at recurrent cycles is analogous to the littering of domestic animals, and in the human species is considered an expression of atavistic reversion.

The second form, on the other hand, meaning that form in which a single ovum for certain reasons gives rise to more than one specimen, is considered true twinning. True twinning, according to Newman, is "two-ing, the division into two equivalent, more or less separate individuals." This form of single-ovum multiplication is not limited to twins, however, for there are uni-ovular triplets, quadruplets, and, in the case of the Dionne sisters, quintuplets. In this fact alone they constitute one of the most extraordinary accidents in human reproduction.

II

MULTIPLE births in the human species are not, of course, uncommon. Twins are of most frequent occurrence, the figures of incidence falling as the number of infants at a birth rises. Numerous statistical calculations have been made on the basis of population and birth ratios in various countries. The figures do not differ widely, however, and one may accept for general purposes those given by Hellin. According to him the mathematical ratio for multiple births is one pair of twins in every 80 births, one set of triplets in every 80-squared (6,400) births, one set of quadruplets in every 80-cubed (512,000) births, and so on. From such a mathematical ratio it becomes obvious that quintuplets do not happen so often. As a matter of fact, there are reported in medical literature only 31 cases of them.

The figures quoted do not, however, make a distinction between the two forms of gestation mentioned, that is, between uni-ovular and multi-ovular twins, triplets, and so on. When one begins to sift the reports it immediately becomes clear how very small a proportion of those born are of single-ovum origin. The figures given for twins are that one pair out of every four or five pairs is of uni-ovular origin. This would make their incidence about one in every 400 births, reckoning from the figures given above. It would take one too far afield to attempt to figure the ratio of incidence of uni-ovular quintuplets, but that they are rare is obvious.

It should be borne in mind that in the case of triplets, quadruplets, and so on, a number of combinations are possible; they are not

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necessarily entirely of single- or of multiple-ovum origin. This helps to complicate matters, but need not be entered into here, since the quintuplets under discussion are definitely of the uni-ovular type.

The subject of multiple births has held the fascinated interest of the human race since time immemorial. One finds traces of it in drawings of the cave men; it crops up in mythology, being bound up with ideas of miraculous birth, half-gods and animal forms; it was invested with superstitious awesomeness by primitive magic men; it was sung in saga, pictured by the arts, and steeped in religion. It was not so long ago that twinship was believed to be the "mark" of duality fixed upon the unborn by the mother by some shock or incident at some time in the ante-natal period.

This superstition of ante-natal "marking" of the unborn is not yet eradicated, in spite of the popularizing of biological and medical facts. But within the recent era of advances in scientific knowledge the explanation of twinning (and other multiples) has been taken out of the realm of superstition and guesswork and placed upon a rational basis. It is now conceded that uni-ovular twinning does not represent an attribute inherent in the ovum but is attributable to conditions which affect its rate of growth after fertilization. Most of the experimental work has, of necessity, been done with animals other than man, but, if conditions in the ape are considered analogous to those in man, one may, in the human species, seek an explanation in environmental conditions with which, however, we are as yet unacquainted.

Stockard has shown, experimentally, that retardation in growth of the fertilized ovum at what he calls critical moments in its development is the essential factor involved in the duplication and that any combinations may take place, ranging from all forms of monsters incapable of life to perfect, separate, individual specimens. Thus there are possible not only double-headed, single-bodied monsters, but, *vice versa*, single-headed, double-bodied and between these extremes the full range of biological distortions. Siamese twins are one phase of such distortion, recalling to mind that definition of Newman's that true twinning is the "division into two equivalent, *more or less separate* individuals." Stockard has shown that all forms of such distortion of normal embryological development may be brought about by exposing the developing egg to cold or by diminishing its supply of oxygen.

In the case of the nine-banded armadillo, which produces uni-ovular quadruplets in a single membrane at a birth, the same explanation holds. For some reason, in the early stages of embryonic development, further development at the normal rate is retarded, with the result that the germinal vesicles for four instead of for only one individual of the species are established.

The early stages of embryonic development have been inferred from observations made by a long line of scientific investigators and substantiated by recent photomicrographic records of a developing simian embryo, from the first-cell stage of the fertilized ovum, and from the life history sketched for the earliest human embryo on record (Miller, 1915).

III

According to these inferences it takes the human embryo about ten days to become firmly implanted in the uterine muscle wall. Up to that time it floats free, beginning with the initial single-cell stage and fertilization, which sets it off on its career of continual cell division and diversification. At the end of these ten days, cell division having gone forward at the usual rate, the mass of cells has arrived at what is called the blastodermic-vesicle stage, that is, the stage at which the conglomerate mass of cells forms a ball consisting of an outer layer of cells, a hollow filled with fluid which has pushed those cells out to the periphery, and at one pole a group of cells from which by segregation and differentiation the various body tissues and organ systems will develop.

It is what happens in these first ten days while the mass of cells still floats free — what influences are brought to bear that prevent the implantation into the wall at the proper time, the precise moment when the normal rate of development is retarded — that bears upon the question of uni-ovular, multiple gestation. Stockard has shown that retardation in the normal course of events by some environmental factor is the underlying cause. What

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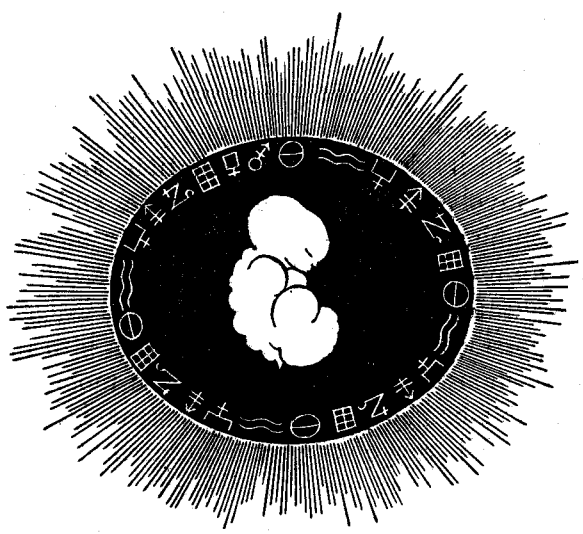
that factor is can be known in the case of controlled experiments but is as yet within the realm of speculation so far as the human species is concerned. Something, at a critical moment in these first ten days retards the normal sequence of events. If the cause is momentary, there will at some time be a resumption of the developmental processes at the usual rate. But in the meantime chance and environment have got in their work, and it will be a gamble whether there will be twins or quintuplets and whether they will be perfect, separate specimens of the race or monstrous examples of the same process. If the retardation lasts long enough or is of such a nature as to cause death to the embryonic mass of cells, it will mean another attempt of fertile nature thwarted at the outset.

IV

THAT THIS case of uni-ovular quintuplets is one of unusual interest can, in view of the biological facts involved, be readily appreciated. But such examples furnish another subject for vitally interesting study, namely, that of personality. Fraternal twins or triplets lack this interest. Originating as they do from separate ova fertilized by separate paternal germ cells, each has an entirely different set of chromosomes from that of his brother or sister. Such different genetic set-ups make them as unlike as brothers and sisters can be. But in the case of uni-ovular brothers and sisters, this is not so. Not only will these simultaneously borne and born siblings be sexed alike, but, sharing between them a single combination of the parental chromosomes and their component genes, they will also be identical in body form, height, and constitution. Not only that; they will have the same mentality traits, dispositions, aptitudes, likes and dislikes, and all the factors that go into the make-up of personality, in so far as these are hereditary rather than environmental. A great deal of work has already been done on this phase of the subject in the case of uni-ovular twins. In Europe, Professor Lange collected all available cases of criminal twins and has published a phenomenal work showing the duplication of criminality type. In this country, much study has been devoted to the correlation of data in the case of non-criminal, single-ovum twins. Cases have been followed in which the twins were reared in the same environment, as well as those in which they were reared apart in very different environments and under different cultural stimuli. The results are impressive.

From this point of view it would be interesting to follow cases of higher multiples, such as triplets and quadruplets. The material, unfortunately, is too limited to furnish conclusive results. But in view of the fact that to date no other set of quintuplets has survived as long as the Dionne sisters, it will be of immense interest to watch these individuals in their lifetimes, to see how closely they will follow, each the other, the particular personality pattern underlying their particular mix-up of genes.



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STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN!

BY RUSSELL HOLT PETERS

SINCE THE LOCOMOTIVE first revealed itself as an agent capable of killing anyone who contested its right of way, literally millions of words have been written protesting the existence of grade crossings. It is only reasonable that such vehement and sustained condemnation should bring a certain amount of correction. Nevertheless, there are still in this country 240,000 level crossings, every one of which is a potential death trap.

The truth is that any person starting out to tackle the grade-crossing problem has had two strikes on him before he left his office. No matter how vital the matter to any town which has buried one or more of its citizens after a collision on the railroad tracks, the ultimate solution of the problem is up to the railroad. And the railroads have not been particularly interested.

As a matter of fact, the railroads have hitherto had no great reason to be interested, for they must set aside the human angle and figure in cold dollars and cents. The damage a farmer and his team may inflict on a locomotive is negligible; but the damage a grade separation can do to a railroad's pocketbook is an item that brings shrill protests from the wealthiest of our lines.

There is no reason to paint the railroads as inhuman monsters turning giant locomotives on us helpless creatures; neither have I any wish to conceal the fact that they are in business not for their health but for earning dividends. And a comprehensive program of grade separations is a direct and tremendous menace to earnings. In fact, were such a program forced upon the railroads at this time, they would have to throw up the sponge and let the government do its best — or worst.

Because of the railroads' obvious inability to do anything about eliminating grade crossings — even conceding a change of heart and a real desire to take such action — it might at first glance appear that the only reasonable course is to let the situation remain in *status quo* until times improve. But it happens, on the contrary, that there has never been a time when the chances for successful action were greater. A number of factors, none of which existed until a short time ago, make it seem possible that the grade crossing is at last on its way out.

II

IN THE FIRST place, the railroads, once so secure from damage in crossing accidents, must now take an increasing interest in this danger of the grade crossing. Until this year, the advantage at the crossing was overwhelmingly in favor of the locomotive. In 1932, for example, when 1,310 motorists died on grade crossings, only two trainmen were killed at the same time. If this is not convincing, a study of the ratio between the number of motorists killed and the number injured at crossings will reveal the futility of pitting an automobile against a locomotive. Interstate Commerce Commission figures show that almost 27,000 drivers and passengers have been killed at grade crossings since 1916, yet the number of injured runs only three times higher. Compare this with the general automobile-accident toll of 1933, which shows 29,900 killed in all types of traffic accidents and 850,700 injured and you get an accurate picture of the tremendous destructive power of a railroad train in contact with an automobile.

But with the development of the new high-speed trains now being pioneered by the Union Pacific and Burlington lines, this advantage is going to dwindle sharply. It is one thing to race into a two-ton automobile with a 300-ton locomotive, backed by as many as a dozen 80-ton coaches, and quite another to do the job with

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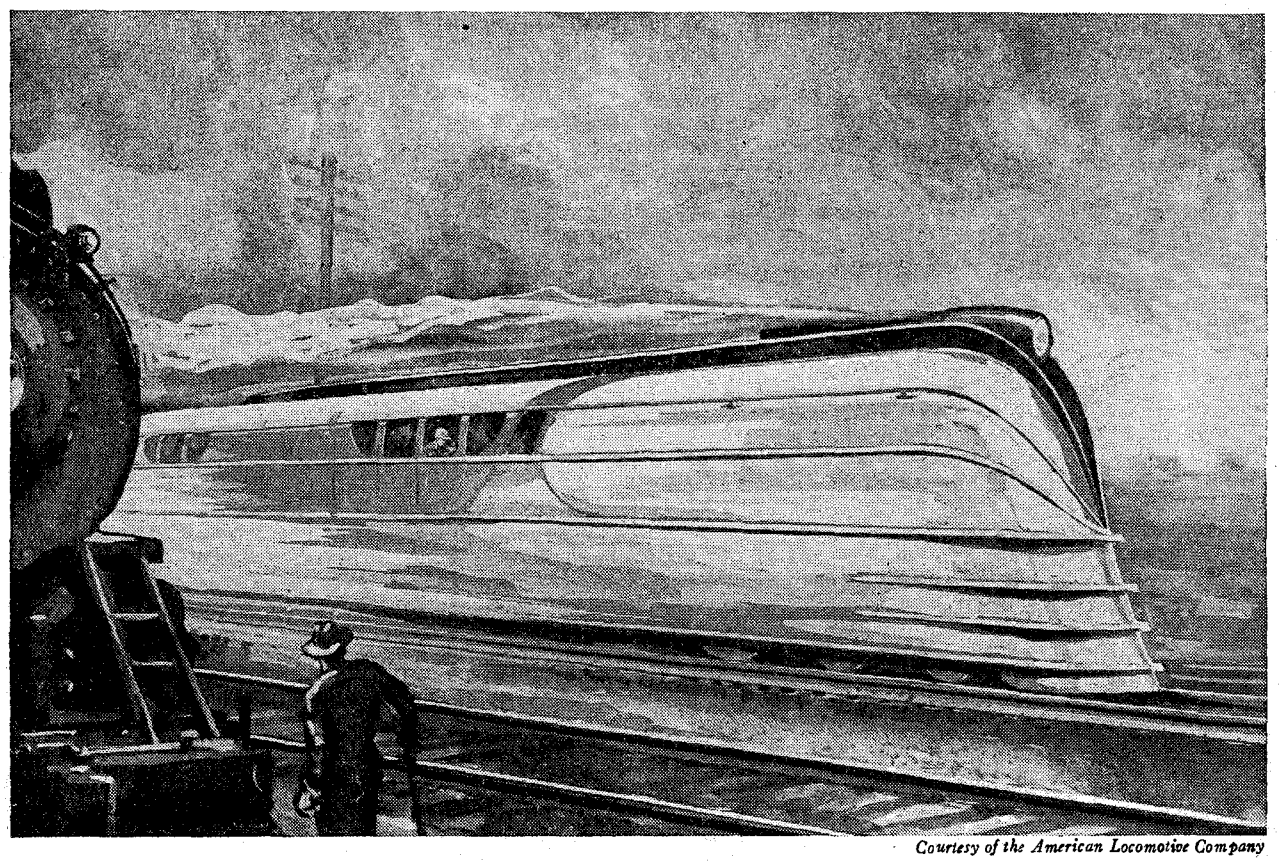

Courtesy of the American Locomotive Company

85 tons, the approximate weight of the new speed trains, complete. Moreover, the automotive equipment now using our highways is increasing in weight. Some of the huge trucks, with their broods of trailers that string down the road and across the track, will run up to 10 or 12 tons. Such an apparatus is quite a foeman for a standard train running at 40 or 50 miles an hour; for the light speed trains traveling around 80 or even 90, it is a real threat, and any railroad man will admit it if you push him hard enough.

As this is written, the Burlington train has just started on its test runs. The Union Pacific train, however, has already been to the Coast and back, and its performance has been such that the railroad has ordered a second and more ambitious train of six cars, three of them sleepers. The Union Pacific presumably is committed to a program of high speed, light and economical equipment. It is fair to assume that other railroads will follow suit. It is equally fair to assume that the present speed trains are only forerunners of even more revolutionary equipment.

The designers of these trains have admitted that the ultimate in speed has not been reached. Our constantly increasing knowledge of metals, power plants, and structural design makes a rate of 150 miles an hour, instead of the 110-mile maximum of the present trains, well within the boundaries of possibility. To safeguard such a train is a problem for both the designer and the operating executive of the railroad over which it runs. If it is to be the prey of every grade crossing, the train shuttling from coast to coast in 30 hours — and this has been suggested — will never be possible.

Some railroad men whose first thought is of safety have advanced the idea of equipping the high-speed trains of the future with shovel-like beaks that will cut through obstructions and throw them aside. Such a solution is more or less a makeshift. In the first place, it is almost impossible to design such a front end and not destroy some of the necessary streamlining; in the second, it adds to the weight of a piece of equipment inherently designed to be as light as possible. The real solution is to remove the possibility of such obstructions existing, and that means the removal of grade-crossing dangers.

For that reason railroads are more receptive to a grade-crossing program than ever before,

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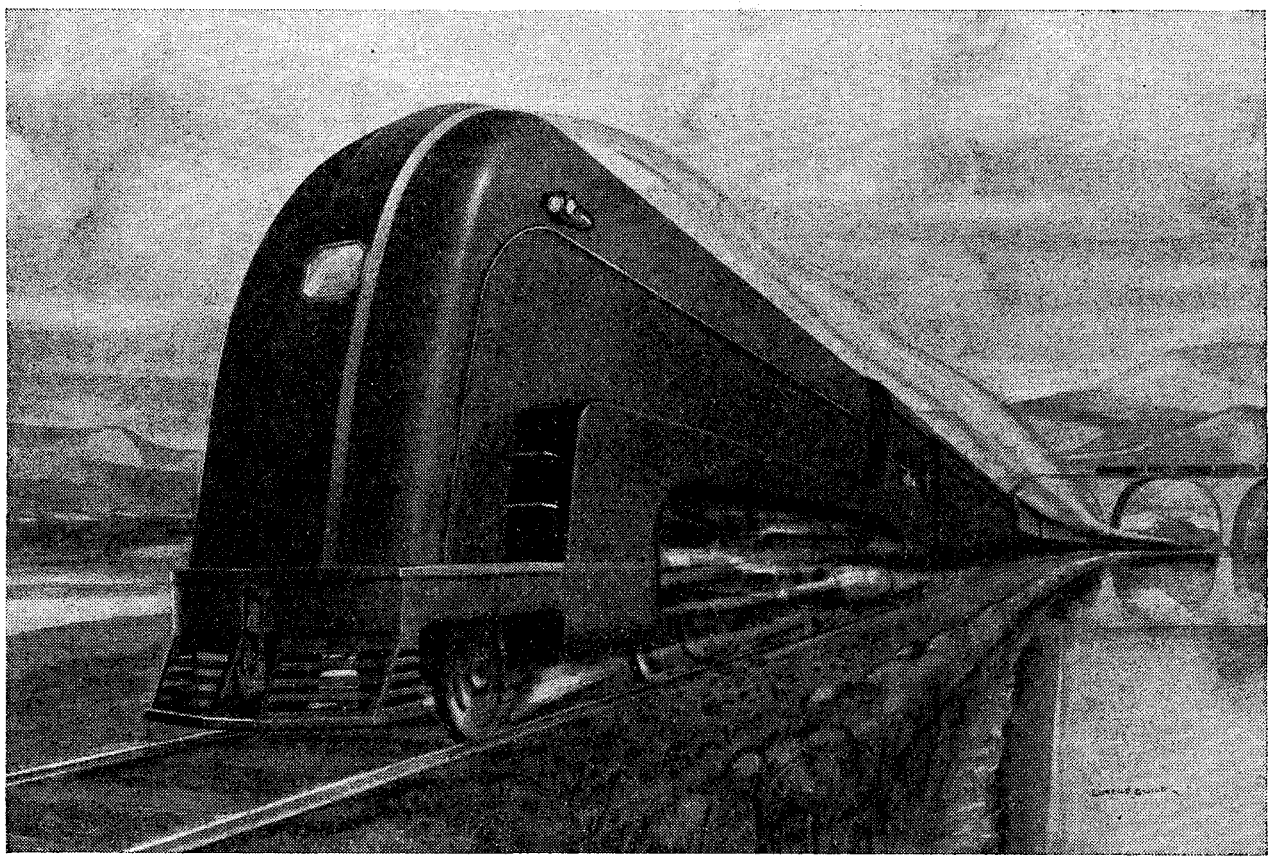

even if they are not financially capable of instituting such a program.

Estimates of the cost of eliminating all grade crossings run from 20 to 30 billion dollars. As the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* said in a recent editorial: "What a public works project that would be in the United States!" What a project, indeed, but what a fantastic expenditure. In the first place, it is extremely doubtful if a crossing-elimination program is worth that much money. Even certain members of the National Safety Council, whose first and foremost thought is safety, are inclined to think not. In the second place, the United States could, with a little intelligence and some unselfishness, solve the greatest part of its grade-crossing problem at a fraction of that figure.

III

Apparently it has never occurred to many who campaign against grade crossings that much of the trouble would disappear by the simple expedient of eliminating a number of the roads that now cross the tracks. This seems so elementary that I can lay its failure to appear in grade-crossing discussions only to complete ignorance of our highway systems.

On the authority of some of the most experienced federal highway engineers, it may truthfully be written that this country needs not more but fewer roads. Our present highway system was created before an automobile was ever conceived, let alone manufactured. And much of our trouble may be laid directly to our endeavor to fit a horse-and-buggy highway plan to modern, high-speed transportation.

From Ohio west, the country is networked with "section roads," many of which cross railroad tracks. Section roads, of course, are laid out a mile apart, and 30 years ago those who used them would have suffered a real inconvenience if they had been shut off by the railroad. But that situation does not exist to-day. There is no reason under the sun, except the selfishness of various individuals, why three fourths of these section roads which now cross the railroads should not end in a fence at the crossing. After all, if their users are forced to travel three miles to a railroad crossing they will have consumed only five or six minutes, at the most, in their automobiles.

It has been estimated that the Union Pacific, on its main line from Omaha to Cheyenne,

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Wyoming, could wipe out almost three fourths of its grade crossings if it could be relieved of the cumbersome and antiquated section road.

The same situation exists in towns along the various railroad rights of way. I can cite you one town of 10,000 that sends 12 streets across the main line of a great transcontinental railroad within a space of two miles. Such a situation is absurd. Three or possibly four crossings would adequately serve the purpose. And this is not an isolated case but a condition that can be found in hundreds of other towns and cities.

Incidentally, these small, infrequently traveled roads are the real danger spots, both to the railroad and to the motorist. Experience has shown that the majority of those killed on grade crossings are not tourists traveling over strange routes but residents of the immediate vicinity familiar with every train on the line. Secure in their knowledge of the railroad's time-table, they fail to exercise proper precaution in crossing the tracks, and are caught by a train running late.

Figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission tell the story. Of the 3,453 grade-crossing accidents in 1932, 2,252, or about 65 per cent, occurred at unprotected crossings.

Because of farsighted planning by the federal Bureau of Public Roads, grade crossings are rapidly being eliminated on our major highways. Give these engineers a little more time, and the transcontinental tourist will drive from coast to coast without encountering more than a dozen of the now familiar "Stop, Look, and Listen" signs. What is being accomplished is aptly illustrated on the Lincoln Highway, which parallels the Union Pacific to Cheyenne. Where this road once crisscrossed the railroad at frequent intervals, it now crosses the tracks on their level at only five points, and plans have been made to eliminate three of these danger spots.

Relocation of the road has accounted for a number of the grade crossing eliminations. Overpasses and underpasses have handled the problem where relocation was not feasible.

The federal government has this year devoted a fair-sized portion of the $400,000,000 made available for highway construction to grade separations. One of the advantages of this government grant, from the standpoint of the federal engineer, is that it need not be matched, dollar for dollar, by the state, as in years past. The result has been a freer hand for the federal government to push construction believed necessary. However, even the power inherent in the ability to dictate huge expenditures has not brought untroubled progress to federal engineers in their fight on grade crossings.

IV

THE EXPERIENCE of one of them will illustrate the need for a comprehensive campaign against crossings, if they are to be forever eliminated. In this case, a town of some 15,000 asked for a grade separation on a major highway. Investigation proved that an overpass was needed, and plans were tentatively drawn. In return, the federal engineer asked that two level crossings on either side of the proposed overpass be eliminated through closing the streets at the railroad. The proposal raised a storm of protest. The town was perfectly happy to take the government's money, but it balked at making a sacrifice, no matter how infinitesimal, in return. The governor was at last called in as arbiter and, as a compromise, one street was shut off.

There was no real cause for the dispute. The only tangible reason for retaining an obvious death trap was the fear of a few interested citizens that their businesses might in some way be damaged. It is this stubborn retention of self-interest, this confusion of license with liberty that endangers any attack on the grade crossing. For that matter, it has always been a stumblingblock of grade-crossing antagonists.

In years past, when a safety campaign was proposed in any city, the first thought was the elimination of grade crossings. It was not because of their obvious danger so much as the fact that the railroads would pay the bill that delegations were sent to petition for grade separations. The city had nothing to lose in asking; the railroad, always unpopular, had little to lose in refusing. The result was a stalemate. Happily, much of the feeling against the railroads has evaporated within the past three years. The public is inclined to look with some sympathy upon the carriers in their present financial extremity. There is also greater understanding of the national need for the

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railroads. As a result, grade-crossing problems can be discussed with more sanity than ever before.

Given a motoring public that needs a safe road for its increasingly rapid automobiles and a railroad system that is heading toward a point where it must have unobstructed tracks for its high-speed equipment, and the grade-crossing problem is on its way to solution.

What is needed is a program of education, plus some persuasion, to remove many of the third-rate roads from the tracks. Only an addle-headed optimist will believe this can be accomplished without a struggle. Many of those who will be affected in any way through the closures will protest and protest vigorously. However, such protests are not insurmountable barriers, and can be overcome.

Coupled with such a program of closures must go a program of protecting remaining crossings, either through signals or gates or through overpasses or underpasses.

Obviously the ideal solution is the separation of rail from road, but such separations are costly. The most inexpensive overpass, built under the most favorable conditions, costs in the neighborhood of $25,000. Probably we shall have to content ourselves with warning signals on our secondary roads. Already advancing beyond the laboratory stage is a signal of which much is expected. It is operated through a sensitive selenium cell, and its virtue is that it can distinguish between the speeds of approaching trains. Because the present signal gives no earlier warning for the mail train than for the freight, it always has in it an element of danger. If it is set to give ample warning for the fast train, it holds up traffic to an irritating degree for a freight train. As a result, it breeds in the motoring public an urge to beat the engine to the crossing. The selenium signal, it is hoped, will overcome this. It will hold back traffic no longer for the crawler than for the flyer, yet in each case will allow an ample margin of safety for drivers approaching the crossing.

Presumably the railroads, relieved of many of their crossings, will lend a sympathetic ear to absorbing part of the expense of protecting remaining crossings. And the separations may well be considered as a great PWA project. However, it will not be a project involving 20 billion dollars but one that may be undertaken for a sum commensurate with the benefits gained.

Such a program must come if we are to capitalize to the fullest extent upon our great highway system and our great railroad system. Given such a program, the nation need no longer estimate that a motorist will die every six hours on a railroad crossing. And with it the 150-mile-an-hour train racing across the country in 30 hours ceases to be the vision of a dreamer and becomes a possibility.

We *must* scrap the grade crossings. They are an anachronism already in disharmony with our present system of transportation. No case can be made for them except on the basis of their cost of removal. And when that is removed — and it can be removed — their justification ceases. Here is a challenge to public-spirited citizens looking for a cause. They will have difficulty finding another more worthy.

Coming Soon:
"The Price of the New Deal,"
by Arthur Morgan

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FEDERAL AID FOR THE HOUSEHOLDER

BY ARTHUR C. HOLDEN

Mr. Brown, desperate, dreams of an obliging banker who will gladly empty his money bags.

PARADOXICALLY, there exist in this country over one million vacant family quarters, comparatively few of which are sub-standard, at the same time that one third of the population is living in quarters too cramped for health, physical or mental. To remedy this insane contradiction and to provide work for three and a half million unemployed building tradesmen, the National Housing Act was drafted and passed with the blessing of the Roosevelt Administration.

The housing situation is not merely an inflated statistical tragedy. It is a disease center, physical as well as economic. And, as with every other disease that has attacked our complex social structure, the first step in the remedy is not what on the surface seems most logical — to tear down the unsatisfactory houses and move the people into new ones. It can be done, of course, but not just by willing it to be done. The building industry is one of the largest and most powerful in the United States and also one of the most undisciplined. Its prosperity affects all other industries. Since 1929 it has been in the doldrums. To solve the housing problem it is first necessary to revive the building industry by giving it a stimulating hypodermic of credit. To put millions of people under decent shelter, just as to open ten thousand banks, it is necessary to work upon the very blood stream of our financial body. The circulation of money is controlled by the expansion and contraction of credit very much as the blood stream is governed by the expansion and contraction of the human heart.

A misconception of the functions of credit is what has held the building industry muscle-bound during the past year, when the public believed that the remedy had been provided. Over three billion dollars had been put at the disposal of Secretary Ickes, as Public Works Administrator, with which to revive the corpse of the construction industry. A large share of this money was intended for the promotion of slum clearance and the construction of model housing units by loans to private companies with acceptable plans. But there was one major inconsistency. Practically all the projects to provide good, cheap living quarters, that the government was willing to foster, appeared too expensive. They proposed to replace slums with apartments that had to be rented, on a self-liquidating basis, for ten dollars a room per month or more, while the highest rent that the tenants of these renovated slums could pay was about seven dollars a room per month.

To circumvent this impasse, the government, forgetting that it had set the terms and conditions of loans to industry, declared private initiative incompetent and set out itself to purchase land and build its own houses. At once that land was jumped to prohibitively high prices. To acquire it for sums within reason, the government was obliged to threaten with the highly unpopular bludgeon of eminent domain. Private initiative in housing became further disorganized. But the three billion dollars could not be allowed to remain idle in the coffers of the PWA. That organization turned to road building, waterworks, schools,

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and other types of non-competitive projects. Post offices, held up at first as non-self-liquidating, were at last resorted to.

Confronted with such a dilemma, in spite of all he desired to do for housing, the Public Works Administrator found himself unwillingly obliged to assume the rôle of builder and owner as well as dispenser of government credit. Mr. Ickes tried to be both honest and practical, but, whenever he tried to build, he felt that someone had jacked the land prices up to a fantastic figure. He knew that he held government funds in trust, and was obligated to produce the lowest rentals possible. Though land speculators could be given all the fine names in the vocabulary of condemnation, that did not build houses.

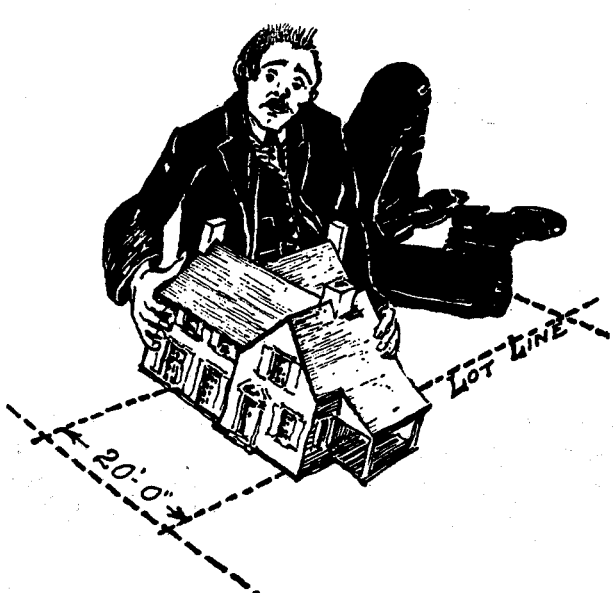
II

To END THIS stalemate, a means was sought to put private as well as public credit to work. The National Housing Act was drawn up. Under this act the government secures a partial control over credit flow by setting up guarantees, such as insurance of interest and principal, to such lending agencies as conform to desired standards. Insurance of risk is provided for personally secured loans made for the purpose of replacing, refurnishing, or renovating houses. According to the accepted estimates, this should release a billion and a half dollars of frozen credit, perhaps at a very low interest rate but with limitations in most cases to five and in others to not over six per cent. In districts without adequate lending facilities, mutual mortgage-insurance associations can be set up by private individuals under federal charter, to insure mortgages upon houses costing sixteen thousand dollars, for 80 per cent of their currently appraised value. The Federal Housing Administration may also insure first mortgages on projects costing not more than ten million dollars. But the vast majority of the loans are to go to small-home owners or groups of home owners who want to repair or replace their houses and who, for this purpose, may borrow on their personal credit no more than two thousand dollars apiece. Thus it is hoped that the dam that has held up for three years the normal building activities of the nation may be blasted away.

It is the intention of this act that many men will be put back to work and housing conditions improved, all without creating a housing surplus. The FHA intends to be chary of lending money for new building units unless it can be shown that there is a real need for them or unless they are constructed on a replacement basis. All of this is to be accomplished with an insurance fund of two hundred ten million dollars devoted to the single purpose of creating credit. If the citizens of the United States are honest and if they meet with no future catastrophes, the government will get out of the whole affair without spending a cent.

III

THE TROUBLE is that even this housing act does not go far enough, nor can it be put into operation quickly enough. The average annual value of building contracts between 1925 and 1929 was eleven billion dollars. In 1932 only three billions were spent for construction work. In 1933, even less. Only six hundred millions went into residential construction. The Federal Housing Act may add a billion and a half to this sum. But that is not sufficient. To restore the building industry and the thousand trades dependent upon it, at least five hundred million dollars a month must be spent for housing alone. Then there could be real re-employment in the building trades, real improvement in housing conditions. An industry now 70 per cent unemployed would be given back its power to consume



Mr. Brown despairs of getting his house on the lot which was sold to him.

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Mr. Brown pursues Virgin Land to the Outskirts but can't escape the demon of taxes and assessments.

commodities. Thus the pump of recovery could be primed.

It is essential to understand that, when a man buys or rents a house, the house is not a commodity that can be consumed. The house itself is a form of capital goods which furnishes a service called "shelter" over a period of time. We should measure capacity not by the number of houses salable but by the amount of shelter needed to maintain decent standards of life.

But the very essence of any housing plan at the present time is to provide individuals with the ability to maintain decent housing standards. In the first place, there are repairs that have been crying for attention since 1929. A plan must work something like this. Assume that you are a young married man earning three thousand dollars a year. You have no debts, have been able to meet the emergencies of the depression. The government is prepared to insure credit which is granted to you for repairs up to two thousand dollars and which you can easily liquidate, little by little, from your income.

Take another case. You are a young man who would like to build a house. But you have no capital and no collateral with which to tempt bankers or mortgage associations. You call on either the government-insured private lending agency or one functioning under a government charter. You explain your case to the proper executive. He asks you where you are living at the present time and where you want to build. He consults his population charts and perhaps finds that you want to leave an undersettled section of the city to move to an overbuilt part of the country.

"But," you will insist, "I want to live in the country. None of the apartments within my income and in the districts I should like to live in suit my purposes. Neither do the houses that are already in the country. And I can build one for six thousand dollars that will be exactly what I want." Thousands of cases like your own will be noted and tabulated; as a result, credit agencies will know what they are doing, how many new homes are needed and where, of what type they should be, and which sections are unpopular and should be replanned.

In the final analysis, the general trend will be to prevent unregulated building, with its attendant risks, its ballyhoo, its losses, and its high interest and discount rates. When home building is based upon careful surveys and regional planning that will eliminate slack, the expansion of credit to stimulate improved housing conditions can take place in such an orderly way that it will balance the work of the commodity-producing industries and prevent instead of provoke our periodic crises.

The crux of any housing plan is the expansion of credit. Under present conditions of financial stress, only the national government can provide it adequately. But the administration of that credit must proceed so as not to destroy the usual channels of financing. Title II of the National Recovery Act, which provides for public works, housing, and slum clearance, sets up an agency for the control and administration of *public* credit. The new National Housing Act provides for the regulation, stimulation, and control of the flow of *private* credit. Both acts are important. Credit is the lifeblood of our specialized industrial civilization. The housing problem is a credit problem, and it must be handled as such.

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YOGA

BY CLAUDE BRAGDON

YOGA IS a word charged with mystery and magic; few know its meaning, and most of those who think they do are wrong. It means, literally, to yoke, to harness, to get oneself under control; to join, also, "the self to the Self" — the personal being to Universal Being. But how? And to what end?

Here yawns the chasm which separates Western and Eastern modes of thought and action, for we of the West find our fulfillment in the assertion of the will to live, whereas the Eastern wisdom teaches its denial and the turning of consciousness inward upon itself. This is naïvely expressed in the following passage from the *Upanishads:*

> The Self-existent pierced the openings of the senses so that they turn forward, not backward into himself. Some wise man, however, with eyes closed, and wishing for immortality, saw the Self behind.

Yoga is the translation of this philosophy into action. Transcendence of the personal self is its aim; self-mastery its method. Its consummation and its great reward is complete conscious awareness, whether the physical body be awake or asleep, alive or dead. In other words, Yoga endows its devotee with the power to live consciously in more worlds than one.

The aspirant must be actuated not by the desire for power, for wisdom, for mastery, or even by the longing for immortality itself. He must be filled only with God-hunger — the love of the Divine. I once knew a Hindu who claimed to have achieved the desired end by and for the love of a woman. His is to me the finest love story in the world, and, as it has to do with the subject of Yoga, I shall retell it here.

II

SOMESH CHANDRA BOSE was by profession — so far as he had any — a "lightning calculator," giving exhibitions of his powers before mathematical societies or any group which would pay him a pittance to be thus mystified and entertained. Though he did amazing things in the way of multiplying and dividing and extracting square and cube roots, there was nothing occult or miraculous about it. A natural gift for figures, great power of concentration, and certain elliptical calculating methods were the means he used to achieve his results.

When I ran across him in New York, a few years back, he was poor as a church mouse, lean as a greyhound, with no prospects, no home, no family or intimate friends, yet I think I never met a happier man. I was curious to know how such a thing could be, and one day he told me.

He had been married, as was the custom in India, to a child-wife of his own caste, chosen on account of indications in their horoscopes that she was his appropriate and predestined mate. She came to live in the house of his parents. After she had reached the age of puberty, the marriage was consummated, and in due course she gave birth to a child. At about the age of twenty she died.

Throughout their life together she had revealed herself to him as a great and saintly soul: strong, devout, tender, much given to meditation and prayer. Theirs had been a union predominantly of the spirit: according to Brahmanical custom, their sexual relation was in the nature of a religious ritual, and was attended by an exaltation of consciousness unknown to purely carnal lovers, according to my friend.

His wife's death left him heartbroken, and his one desire was to go away. But his parents objected, and he yielded reluctantly to their wish to have him remain with them. Then the child, idolized by its grandparents, fell ill and died. They interpreted this as a karmic punishment to themselves for not letting their son

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follow his desire, so with their permission and the parental blessing he finally went forth.

His overmastering obsession was to be reunited with his wife. Being a Brahman, he believed that such a thing was not impossible and so he sought from one end of India to the other for some teacher who would instruct him how it could be done. Whenever he heard of a holy man reputed to possess supernatural powers, he sought him out and asked to be restored to the woman he loved, but he was told that he should not concern himself with love but with sanctity and that the cherishing of such a wish showed that he was not ready for the practice of Yoga; so he was forced again and again to renew his quest.

But at last he visited one master — the most illustrious and revered of them all — who proved different from the rest. This man, after listening to Bose's story, consented to do what he had asked; for he said that neither in heaven nor in the human heart was anything more high and holy than the love of the beloved in the aspect of the Divine Counterpart. Yoga was simply a steady and unceasing upward pressure toward the Divine, and, if he chose to worship that Divine in the name and form of his beloved, it was as good a way as any other. It was *Bhakta*, the swiftest and most ecstatic of all forms of Yoga, because in it love, which is the end, is also the means to that end.

Accordingly he entered the *âś ama* of that master and began the practice of Yoga. At first he found it tedious and difficult, but the power of concentration he had acquired through his mathematical exercise stood him in good stead, and after a little his progress was rapid. At last the longed-for moment came: while "out of the body" but in full consciousness, he penetrated into that world in which his true love dwelt. Ever since that first time, he told me, he spent hours with her every night in a rapport more complete and perfect than during her terrestrial life.

III

STRANGE as it is, I believe this story. Physical love, which overcomes death through the act of generation, is only an allegory and symbol of that spiritual love which overcomes death through an act of sustained faith and will, such as has been described above. I believe it also because Bose is not the only person I have encountered in the course of my life who through the practice of Yoga was able to liberate his consciousness from its physical vehicle. However preposterous such an idea may seem to our unaccustomed minds, a similar thing happens every day in every hospital in the land: the consciousness is *driven* out of the body, under the lash of an anæsthetic. Ordinarily the patient does not "remember," but what is called the "anæsthetic revelation" is the other-world experience of those who have done so.

I am dealing now in marvels and mysteries, but are they, after all, any more amazing than the familiar miracle of hearing in New York words spoken in London, of seeing enacted on a luminous screen something which happened in the past, or of listening to the living voice of a dead man? These are results attained through the intention of human consciousness upon the forces and phenomena of nature and are impressive evidences of the power of the human spirit; the fruits of Yoga are the result of the intention of human consciousness upon *itself*. The first represents conquests in the realm of physical science through an act of *projection;* the second represents a conquest in the realm of spiritual science — Yoga — through an act of *recall*. For Yoga is a harnessing of the human will by the exercise of the spiritual will.

The cosmic clock has at last struck the hour of the marriage of East and West — when we of the West must turn from that outer path to this inner. The East is already fulfilling its destiny by emulating our physical-plane efficiency; we shall fulfill ours only when we begin to deal with consciousness at its source, as taught by Eastern sages. That source is nowhere but within ourselves.

But as soon as one attempts the great reversal — when consciousness turns from outer to inner — not the subject but the *character* of thought becomes all-important; not the action but the *motive* of action; not the kind of emotion, but its *quality*. The initial work is therefore one of purgation, and to neglect this cleansing process is to invite disaster. This is the reason why, from far back, instruction in Yoga has by them always been restricted to those who are qualified by antecedent preparation. Those who have read Yeats-Brown's

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book, *The Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, will remember how his master refused to train him further but sent him away to incur certain disciplines which only life in the world can give. These initial requirements can all be summed up in a single word — character. The aspirant must possess that soundness of moral fiber, that elemental virtue implicit in the word in its most ordinarily understood sense. A great character, a strong character, a saintly character he need not possess, but of *good* character he must be; for this is the bed rock upon which the entire edifice of Yoga is built. Diet, posture, control of the breath, the repetition of *mantras* — these things are of no avail if the conscience be not at rest.

IV

THE PRACTICE of Yoga actually begins with the facing of that from which one has heretofore always fled: the *silence*. Maeterlinck says:

> Remember the day on which, without fear in your heart, you met your first silence. The dread hour had sounded, silence went before your soul. You saw it rising from the unspeakable abysses of life, from the inner sea of horror and beauty, and you did not fly. . . . Bethink you of that moment and tell me whether silence, then, was not good and necessary, whether the caresses of the enemy you had so persistently shunned were not truly divine.

It is possible to face this silence only *in* silence; therefore the central and essential discipline of Yoga is meditation. To this all other disciplines are contributory merely: mind control, or concentration, to arrest that stream of thoughts and images which interferes with true meditation; body control, or posture, to acquire the physical position and poise most favorable to it; breath control or *pranayama*, to establish that form of deep and rhythmic respiration which brings a sense of well-being and calm — and so on. The attainment of superconsciousness through meditation is known as Raja Yoga, which means "the kingly conjugation." It consists in controlling the mind, the passions, the imagination to this sole end; it is the "stilling of the waters," so that they shall reflect the Divine Image, and the becoming one with it — "the dew-drop slips into the shining sea."

With all other forms of Yoga — and there are many — Western practitioners should have nothing to do, because, however efficacious they may be for the Hindu, they are unsuited to the Occidental physique and temperament. Herein lies the danger of a great deal of the Yoga teaching emanating from those turbaned swamis who, of late years, have constituted themselves missionaries to the West. They advocate Hatha Yoga practices which, on account of our unascetic habits of life, induce grave psychic and physical disorders. This is a risk which should not be incurred.

To practice Raja Yoga, then, is to meditate in a certain manner, with a certain object in view. Although there is an entire literature on the subject, it can all be summed up in a single phrase, as the teaching of Jesus is summed up in "God is Love." The not-dissimilar teaching upon which Yoga is founded is that man is a god, unaware of his godhead. He becomes what he is through realization, this realization being achieved through the mentally repeated asseveration, in deep meditation, of "*I am That.*" This is the open sesame to the treasure house of his own nature, a nature which his life as a personality has covered over and caused him to forget. For waking life is a forgetting; through the practice of Yoga we learn to remember — by transcending the normal, waking consciousness in a meditation so profound that nothing of the personal remains.

Yoga is, accordingly, an *emptying* process — the emptying of the mind, memory, and imagination of everything pertaining to the personal self. What remains in consciousness is not a void but a plenum, not the negation of life but life itself.

V

THE WAY this emptying is achieved in meditation is first of all through control of the mind. The process is difficult, though the method is simple. It consists in concentrating upon some single object, image, or idea to the exclusion of everything else, bringing the attention back whenever it wanders, never letting it be diverted by that stream of associated ideas, so powerful, so automatic that it seems like the natural and normal functioning of the mind — which it is not.

Until some measure of success has been achieved in concentration, it is useless to attempt meditation proper. This is something

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quite other than the fixing of the mind on objects of contemplation, however exalted; and it is the opposite of reverie, wherein the fancy roams wherever it wills. It may be best described as a condition of arrestment, of *alert passivity*, as of listening for inaudible music or of awaiting the advent of some longed-for guest. Yoga is a love affair with God, and one should therefore enter into meditation as a lover enters the chamber of the beloved — gratefully, joyfully, prayerfully.

Although in Raja Yoga the condition of consciousness is all-important, there is a definite technique which should be followed, involving such matters as time, place, posture, breathing, diet. Meditation should be entered into daily, in some pleasant, secluded place and always at the same hour, if possible. The preferred posture is the one made familiar by the seated statues of Buddha: the legs crossed, the hands lightly clasped in the lap, the entire body relaxed and comfortable, and the spine, neck, and head erect. The breathing should be deep, slow, rhythmic. The diet may be whatever one wills, but meager. Meat and alcohol are unfavorable because disintegrating to that "finer" body which is the chariot of the soul.

In Yoga we of the West may find, if we will, the necessary check and corrective to that exclusively *excurrent* activity which to-day amounts almost to frenzy, of which one manifestation is the mania for speed. This is but a single symptom of a deep-seated unrest for which there is no cure but the return of consciousness to its source in the Great Self.

To many all this may seem only another formulation of the doctrine of escape. It is: escape not *from* life but *into* life.

Next month: "Are We Psychic Beings?" by J. B. Rhine

Morning Star

It is to-morrow now
In this black incredible grass.

The mountains with luminous discipline
Are coming out of the blackness
To take their places one in front of the other.

I know where you are and where the river is.

You are near enough to be a far horizon.
Your body breathing is a silver edge
Of a long black mountain rising and falling slowly
Against the morning and the morning star.

Before we cannot speak again
There will be time to use the morning star
For anything, like brushing it against
A pentstemon,
Or nearly closing the lashes of our lids
As children do to make the star come down.

Or I can say to myself as if I were
A wanderer being asked where he had been
Among the hills: "There was a range of mountains
Once I loved until I could not breathe."

THOMAS HORNSBY FERRIL

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BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

A Short Story

BY JOHN GALLISHAW

NANCY SQUIRMED on Father's knee and wondered how all the others could seem so calm. Mother had just told Muffy to kiss everybody good-night and go to bed, but Nancy could see that Muffy felt just as excited as she did and meant to delay as long as possible. Nancy watched her as she planted a little, wet kiss on Uncle Charlton's cheek.

"I love this house, Uncle Charlton," she said. "Did Mother and you play here together when she was a little girl like me?"

Uncle Charlton crinkled his eyebrows at Mother and said, "What does the Book of Etiquette say about that one?"

"Uncle Charlton's not real blood kin, darling," Mother explained. "He's a very, very dear friend of Father's. They were in the war together, in the same squadron."

"Oh, I know what a squadron is," said Muffy.

"As if I didn't too," said Nancy, and squirmed a little on Father's knee to make herself more comfortable.

"I guess you ought to," said Muffy. "You're nine; but I'll bet you didn't know what a squadron was when you were seven, like me."

"I guess I did," said Nancy. "I guess I've *always* known that about a squadron — ever since I was born."

"I guess you didn't," said Muffy. "I guess you didn't know about a squadron until this time last year."

Mother made a comical little moue at Uncle Charlton, and shook a finger at Father. "Ha, ha; chickens home to roost," she said.

"Time for these chicks to roost," said Father.

"Come along chicks," said Mother.

But Muffy was not to be put off. "I do, too, know what a squadron is. Like Christmas carols."

"Eh, what's that?" asked Uncle Charlton. "This sounds interesting."

"Singing 'Here's to the Next Man to Die' and 'Reel, Oh, Reel,' continued Muffy, "and 'He's a Jolly Good Fellow' and carrying Father around on their shoulders and saying 'White Rock in mine.'"

Uncle Charlton laughed at that until his face grew quite red, all except one little white spot in the very middle of his nose. "The little tyke," he said. "The fifteenth reunion of the Squadron last year — Bob's birthday?"

Father and Uncle Charlton laughed, but Mother said quite severely, "After this, Squadron reunions will be held away from home. These children are too observing."

"We couldn't help it last year," said Nancy.

"No," agreed Mother. "But that was *last* year. Now, come along to bed."

"But what about Father's birthday surprise?" protested Nancy. "Uncle Charlton sent his plane all the way up to Bronxville for us, and it can't be *just* ice cream and cake."

"Hold on there a minute," said Uncle Charlton. "Whose birthday do you think this is?"

"It's Father's birthday, children," said Mother, "and the surprise was for *him*. *We're* Father's surprise this year. Uncle Charlton arranged it. Father didn't expect us till the very minute we arrived. Now come along, and Father and I'll *both* tuck you in. And we shan't be long after you. We're tired, and Father has a hard day ahead."

"Oh, bosh," said Muffy. "I'll bet you stay up till all hours, for Father's surprise. Oh, can't we stay up? Say we can, Mother."

"No," said Mother. When Mother said, "NO," in that tone, Nancy knew that there was no use in arguing further.

"Then can't we leave our door open?"

"All right," said Mother. "But you won't hear anything."

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II

YET, DESPITE Mother's assurance, Nancy could not rid herself of the feeling that the day which had begun so thrillingly with the airplane ride could not end as tamely as this. Nor could Muffy.

"Won't they really and truly have a squadron?" Muffy demanded.

"I think they will have some kind of surprise," Nancy assured her with conviction. "Didn't you hear Lowell Thomas tell about Father over the radio the other night? Father's a *very, very* distinguished lawyer."

"Then, let's go out and listen at the head of the stairs," said Muffy. "In the cubbyhole."

Very quietly they slipped out of bed and put on their wrappers and slippers, tying the wrappers carefully so that the belts wouldn't trip them and betray them to the grown-ups. A little, dark passage led into the main stairhead, and was divided from it by a pair of heavy portières. Between the folds of these they could peer down into the hallway below. But, by stepping out to the stairhead, they could reach a window seat beneath a broad, leaded window that overlooked the front door.

From the living room, voices drifted up to them. First, Uncle Charlton's talking to Father.

"Bob, I wonder who thought up that story about you being a blood descendant of General Sherman's."

"It's a shrewd move," Father answered him.

"I don't suppose it'd do any good to telephone the paper saying it isn't true?"

"No," said Father. "It wouldn't do any good."

Then Mother's voice broke in. "It's a little late in the day," she said, "for it to have any effect, isn't it? The jurors aren't allowed to read any newspapers."

There was a little pause in the conversation then, just as there often was when grown-ups asked questions they all knew the answer to. Then Uncle Charlton spoke again.

"They must be pretty well scared of your winning to-morrow if they've got to resort to that sort of thing."

"Will you win, Bob?" Mother asked.

"I won't know till to-morrow," answered Father. "You mustn't forget that we're in the deep South and I'm a northerner defending a Negro for the one crime that is unforgivable to a southerner. Most of the people feel that a Negro's guilt is not especially material, and my opponent is an unscrupulous politician who's depending upon race passion to get a conviction. That's why he's been inflaming sentiment against me."

Uncle Charlton's voice broke in. "Bob's bound to win," he said decisively. "He's got the case dead open and

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shut. That's why Durkin's been turnin' himself inside out to enjoin Bob against appearin' for the defense."

Mother's voice sounded a little strained. "Darling, you don't think you are in any danger?"

Uncle Charlton's voice boomed out at that. "Nonsense. What a thing to suggest on Bob's birthday. Which reminds me of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina. I don't suppose that either of you'd object to a mint julep. What we all need is to paralyze the higher centers."

Mother's voice was the first to respond. "I shouldn't object in the least," she said. "I s'pose it's heresy in this company to say that I was nervous flying down; but I need to relax."

Father said, "Make mine rather weak, if you don't mind, old man; you know I've got to sum up to-morrow."

"Oh dear," said Nancy, "I don't believe it's going to be any kind of a party. I don't believe Father'll even sing his song about 'Reel, Oh, Reel.' Mother says he never does until the third or fourth drink. Remember last year? That was swell."

"Oh," whispered Muffy plaintively. "Won't there be *any* celebration — no squadron like last year?"

"You can't tell about grown-ups," Nancy reassured her. "They don't tell us everything. Father is a very, very distinguished man and a very, very distinguished flyer in the war."

"Oh," said Muffy, "I see, I see. *That's* the surprise. The war is over up in Bronxville. But I heard Uncle Charlton telling Mother that down here the war *isn't* over."

"I heard that too," confirmed Nancy. "And I heard him tell her that the airplane is bringing the North and South very close together. That's what counts."

"How?" asked Muffy, and stifled a yawn.

"Don't you see, stupid?" said Nancy. "What he meant was Father and *us*. And if he can send his plane all the way to Bronxville for Mother and us, just as likely as not he'll send for the rest of Father's Squadron. For a *surprise*. Maybe they'll come when it's a little darker, the way they did in Bronxville."

But little Muffy murmured, "I'm sleepy. I'm going back to bed."

III

When she was gone, Nancy continued to gaze out through the leaded panes at the white driveway that was cut through the grove of live oak, from which the gray Spanish moss hung in festoons. The moonlight cast curious highlights on the waxy surface of the leaves and filtered through the foliage to form little patches of silver on the ground beneath. It was so lovely and so still that Nancy almost forgot what she was watching for. But presently, above the noise of Uncle Charlton putting ice into glasses and the light hum of conversation from the room below, she heard a rustling.

She stiffened to attention when she heard it. It came from the live-oak grove. At first she thought that it might be some animal stirring but very soon she was sure — absolutely sure. She had a hard time to keep from jumping up and shouting, "Surprise! Surprise!" But she controlled herself and went on swift tiptoe to Muffy's bed and shook her gently.

"They've come," she said. "Father's Squadron. Come on, be quick."

Muffy shook herself awake, and hand in hand the two girls tiptoed softly to the little vantage point before the leaded window. There was no question about it now. Not one but many figures were approaching the house softly. Beyond any doubt this was going to be better than last year at Bronxville. Last year they had appeared one by one, and Father had said to the first one, "Well, I'm damned if it isn't old Bill McLaughlin." And when the next one came in Father had stared for a long time at a short, stout man who said, "You haven't forgotten me, Major?"

And Father had answered, "For God's sake; I should have known that, if there was any chance of a drink, Speed Fallon'd fly across the continent."

There had been a succession of these appearances; but to-night they were all coming at once, and Father *would* have a hard time recognizing them. It would be an even better surprise, because each one of them wore a sort of hooded, white gown, with holes for the eyes and mouth. On some of these gowns there was an embroidered emblem.

"They're Red Cross nurses," said Muffy disappointedly.

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"Don't be silly," whispered Nancy. "They've got trousers underneath. Don't you know that red cross is the Squadron *insignia?* Every squadron has an insignia. Now, be quiet and watch."

The group of hooded figures was gathered about two who were quite clearly the leaders and were bent over like football players in a huddle, listening to whispered instructions. One by one they began to detach themselves and to make a cordon about the house.

"They're going to sing a squadron, like they did last year," whispered Muffy, and hugged herself in her excitement.

"And then Father'll make a speech to them," insisted Nancy. "See if he doesn't."

The two leaders were approaching the front door, and following closely behind them were six others, all stepping softly. When they were on the doorstep, they halted, and their voices, though lowered, were loud enough to carry to Nancy.

"Screen door's on the latch, boys," she heard the leader say. "You-all sure that telephone wire's cut?"

"Sure as shootin'," the nearest man whispered, and then added, "Come on, let's get this over with."

IV

"SURPRISE, SURPRISE," whispered Muffy, ecstatically. She froze to silence, listening, as the doorway swallowed the group passing through it. They had opened the screen door so softly that neither Muffy nor Nancy knew that they had entered until Muffy clutched Nancy's arm and pointed to the hall. She counted six of them who had taken their places beside the door to the big living room and stood poised, ready to spring in unexpectedly. The two that were left were creeping softly up the stairs. From the living room came the blare of the radio suddenly turned on.

"They're going to dance," said Muffy. "What a nice birthday party."

But Nancy put her hand over Muffy's mouth and said, "Hush," and pulled Muffy toward her and into the dark corridor, so that the man who was coming up the stairs would not see them.

Once there, she felt an impulse to jump out from behind her curtain and shout, "Father, look!" But she restrained herself, because she remembered that you mustn't spoil a surprise and she realized that the visitors must have gone to a good deal of trouble. It would be a shame to spoil such a unique game.

From her new position she could no longer see the hallway below but through the folds in the curtain she could see that one of the men had paused at the stairhead. She had a hard time to keep from tittering when she realized that, while he was gazing straight at their hiding place, he couldn't see them. The other man who had been with him had gone up to the main landing. It was then that she noticed what the one near the window seat held in his hand. She was not sure of it at first, but presently he sat down on the broad window seat, and she got a good view of it. It was an automatic pistol, she knew, because it was like the one that Father had, that he used to shoot at a target down in the cellar Sunday mornings in the early spring. By twisting her body grotesquely she could catch a glimpse of the man on the main landing above. He too was tinkering with an automatic. She knew what he was doing with it: he was releasing the safety catch.

She felt a thrill of pure ecstasy at the realization that this was going to be a very special and complete surprise.

"It's going to be just like the Fourth of July," she whispered to Muffy. "They're going to *salute* Father." She heard a little sigh and was conscious that Muffy had not been able to keep awake. She did not attempt to wake her. Muffy, once asleep, might stay so even after the noise and singing began. Mother said that a bomb exploding under Muffy's bed wouldn't wake her after she was really asleep.

So she settled Muffy's head comfortably on her shoulder and turned again to look at the man on the window seat. She knew by the way he was acting that the surprise was coming off right away. He had risen and was standing very taut and stiff, and, although she could not see the outline of his face because of the hood he wore, she knew that he was peering down into the hall.

She heard a click from the living room and knew that it was the switch of the radio, because instantly the radio voice stopped in the midst of a sentence. Then she heard Father's voice, "What the . . . !"

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Drawings by Harrie Wood

But it, too, was suddenly shut off, as abruptly as had been that voice on the radio. There was no question of the completeness of his surprise. He didn't say a word after that, although she listened very hard. It was not easy to keep from jumping out and rushing downstairs. But she decided that she would be sent right back to her bedroom and be made to keep her door shut. And she had a deep-down feeling that this was only the beginning and that the rest of the surprise would be on the same spectacular scale. From the living room came the sound of scuffling feet and the noise of something like an overturned chair.

Then the scuffling of feet was resumed, only this time they were going into the hall. She thought she knew what that meant. They were making Father go out to make a speech, just as they had last year, and he was holding back. Presently she saw the man near the window seat relax. He turned toward the other man on the landing above and said, "O.K. Let's blow." They seemed very anxious to hear Father make his speech.

V

JUST THEN Muffy stirred sleepily and began a little whimpering noise. Nancy felt, at first, that the men could not fail to hear it, but they did not, because almost at once they began walking down the stairs, not slowly and stealthily now, as they had come up, but with a careless swiftness. She could not follow their progress with her eyes because of Muffy, who leaned heavily against her and kept her from turning quickly.

She eased Muffy's weight off her shoulder, being careful not to wake her. By the time she had wriggled clear and felt it safe to thrust her head out through the curtains, there was no one in the hall below, but she heard the screen door slam loudly and the crunching of footsteps on the graveled walk. It sounded as though they had all left.

She went to the window at her old point of vantage. And then she knew just what was happening and why they had all gone out so quietly. It was Mother. Mother had made them do it because she and Muffy were grown too observant. They didn't want to wake her and Muffy and they were taking Father away for a Squadron reunion somewhere else. They were all marching along now in a close-packed group. There must be more than twenty of them. She rushed to where Muffy was sleeping and again shook her awake.

"Come quick or you'll miss it," she cried. "It's just like Armistice night; they're carrying Father on their shoulders, 'cause he's a jolly good fellow, and he's wriggling to get down. Surprise, surprise!"

But Muffy was too far gone in sleep. "All right, then," said Nancy, "stay there, dummy." She dashed once more to the window for a last look, but there was no longer anyone in sight. Presently she heard, from beyond the driveway, the sound of motors starting, of cars driving off into the night.

She went back to find Muffy sitting up sleepily, rubbing her eyes. "We might as well go back to bed," she whispered.

"Surprise came off?" asked Muffy, and yawned.

"Yes," said Nancy, happily. "Oh, *better* than last year. I *am* glad I didn't call to Father and spoil it all. What a joke on Mother — us seeing it all anyway. And *what* a swell surprise."

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Century Clubs

It has been proposed that The Forum and Century *assist in organizing Century Clubs. In each community, one hundred honest and unbiased citizens group themselves together in the interests of intelligent voting and rigorous local government. Membership is to be strictly limited to one hundred. And one hundred individuals with a single purpose can be a singularly effective force. Read the letter below. Persons ambitious to organize units of Centurians are encouraged to write the Editor.*

To the Editor:

Thinking persons, reading the pages of your magazine or the few other publications of high motive, must find a common factor that is fundamentally wrong in this country. Whether the industrial, social, financial, or political sphere comes into the picture, one element stands out as the most probable cause of our distress. It is not class antagonism, frozen assets, monetary standards, overproduction, the capitalistic system, or the dozen other theoretical evils. It is the fact that nearly everyone, high or low, has forgotten the Golden Rule. Please understand I have no affiliation with organized religion but respect it. Not only the banker and the capitalist come into the dishonest scheme. The average citizen is dishonest, and his thinking in terms of "What do I get out of it?" has wrecked us. And there is much doubt as to the standards of honesty that are being applied in high places in an effort to rescue us.

About one half of those entitled to, vote regularly. That is the dishonest half. Why should an honest, thinking man go to the polls, knowing that candidates presented to him are chosen because they are the tools of dishonest political machines? After all, "party" means machine. Direct primaries were provided to serve those very machines. Crime and dishonesty thrive in every walk of life only with the help of these political machines; and the respectable (so-called) business as well as the "racket" pays for immunity. This applies from the dome of the Capitol to the smallest courthouse.

Let's get together. Our half has the greatest potential power, if we can be shaken out of our lethargy and selfishness. Otherwise we shall be the victims of those who are now represented on the soap boxes in Union Square and Main Street. We do not need money. We need honest men and women who desire to serve their country and thus save themselves and their families. Back to Colonial America: virtue, honor, and love of country. We can start by encouraging each person who is interested in gathering together in his church, club, school, factory, or business ten sincere friends, each of whom will gather nine other men and women, forming a group of one hundred which will assume a solemn obligation and bear it under the name of Century Club. Leave out those who are active in political parties. Within a year thousands of these clubs would send delegates to county, state, and national meetings. The lawful machinery we now have would be used to sweep away organized dishonesty from politics and from business.

Ten or more friends will assist me in preparing a tentative creed to submit to those who may write to you requesting it. The name was inspired by the number, which, curiously enough, was the old Roman civil unit, before that became military, and it is coincidental that your magazine has used it for years. Will you issue the call for volunteers?

R. Nelson Hickman

New York, N. Y.

To Arms, Louisiana!

To the Editor:

I have just this morning finished reading, with much interest and agreement, your article on "Soldiers of Fortune, 1934" condensed from The Forum ["Patriotism before Profits," June Editorial Foreword] in *Reader's Digest.* One phrase especially which struck a responsive chord was this: "A practical way to crush the cowardice of Congress in perpetually cringing before this implacable lobby is to prove at the polls that subservience to the Legion does not insure re-election." If we could only go further and try to make the voting public refuse to send to Congress men who are known and proven to have no sense of honor and no sense of shame in the degrading and debauching of the state they are sent to represent!

Of course you know I am speaking especially of Senator Huey P. Long of Louisiana. It is truly a tragic thing to have to stand by and watch one's state — adopted though it may be — being torn asunder and crushed by the greed and arrogance and vindictiveness and lust for power of one of its own senators. This is a far deeper matter than politics, and I simply cannot stand by and see such unbelievable things happen without trying to enlist the sympathy and support of persons like yourself in our effort to make the United States Senate take action on the matter of an open investigation — instead of whitewashing the whole thing, as it has done. How is that for cowardice in the biggest legislative body of the Government of the United States?

The sworn evidence is at hand, has been for over a year, and the Senate's own committee chairman reported fraud, corruption, intimidation, etc., etc. in the election, by Long, of Overton; but there seems to be no one in the Senate who dares to cross the Crawfish. What are we coming to? Shall it be said of us, as was said of Haiti by an old French archbishop, that our salvation lies in submerging the whole state for twenty-four hours? I am beginning to think so. I suppose that during the "dog days" one is more apt to be pessimistic, and it is at this very time that help is more than ever needed from those who can "stand steadfast" and whom one can trust and rely upon. If you can help the women of Louisiana in one fight, either through The Forum or any other way, we will be most grateful. . . .

Many people away from here think Huey Long is a clown who can be laughed off, but we who live under his rule know he is no laughing matter. If he is not subdued before long, the whole country will feel his ruthless power. . . .

A Louisiana Woman

New Orleans, La.

Moonshine

To the Editor:

I note in your September "Toasts" that you credit Smedley D. Butler with having cleaned up Philadelphia. My memory had recorded that the city gave him a free ride on the rods out of town.

One can easily subscribe to his sentiments relative to war in his, "War Is a Racket." But the true Butler touch is seen in the cure he prescribes. It is moonshine. There is no personal feeling involved. My salary is twenty-five dollars per month. . . .

I have always felt that a lot of hot air was confined in this gentleman. . . .

H. A. Hawthorne

Redding, Conn.

Profanity

To the Editor:

Is it too much to ask Miss Grebenc ["I Come Home," January; "Renascence at Forty," June; "The Wages of Charity," September] to insert a few "damns" in her next article? . . .

Another Anonymous

Hallsboro, N. C.

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And while they are a bit costly for everyday service, you'll be proud, in days to come, to bring out a bottle or so for specially favored guests. The government stamp attests their rare age; and a neat glass sniffed or sipped will demonstrate their marvelous bouquet and flavor.

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OUR ROSTRUM

To the Editor:

Refrain I cannot from telling you how much benefit I derived from the article, "The Wages of Charity," [Lucile Grebenc] in the current [September] issue.

What impressed me most forcibly was the extreme modesty of the author. Humility is so rarely found in persons of attainment that when it is I think it is worthy of special comment.

There is just one point on which I am not quite clear and on which the author of the article did not touch. Does she believe that these biological accidents (I presume that is what we may call them) are personally to blame because they do not possess all those excellent qualities with which she herself (we understand) is so generously endowed, or are they so afflicted because of some caprice of nature?

While I, too, would not wish anyone to believe that his welfare depended on me (simply because I feel I would not be able to make good), still, if I were so clever and ingenious as to know exactly how to go about everything I wished to go about, I should be only too glad and happy to lend a helping hand to those unpossessed of *savoir faire*. Whether their misfortunes were due to their own stupidity or to some other cause would make no difference. Fortunate, gifted people, it would seem, can afford to be magnanimous.

Anyway, we certainly do greatly envy Miss G. her courage, her initiative, her industriousness, her reasoning powers, her ability to size up her personal problem, and her knowledge in knowing exactly what to do about it. I realize of course that envy is one of the seven deadly sins but somehow or other I do feel that in the circumstances forgiveness will be readily extended.

K. M. Godley

Watertown, N. Y.

To the Editor:

Many thanks for the article by Lucile Grebenc — "The Wages of Charity." What magnificent and uncommon sense she has written! Would that 125,000,000 citizens of the U. S. A. would agree with her.

But I am sure that you are going to be overwhelmed by letters from sentimentalists and the millions of "leaners" we have so carefully bred and educated through the laws we have passed for their special benefit.

Are we to continue that policy until "necessity knows no compassion"?

Louise R. Williams

Washington, D. C.

Old Timers

To the Editor:

It is stimulating to an old campaigner like me to find Ida Tarbell still at her

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OUR ROSTRUM

best in ["New Dealers of the 'Seventies"] "Henry George and Edward Bellamy" [September FORUM]. It is clear and unprejudiced and, above all, readable. . . .

I myself was led to George through reading Bellamy. After digesting Bellamy, I wrote to the Nationalist clubs, about forty there were, asking what they had to say about the land question.

I got replies from most of them — rather wild-eyed; so I took up George's book.

Then, again to see the other side, I wrote to the Jesuit Fathers who had attacked George's doctrines as irreligious and impractical; most of them answered courteously and sent me literature: since then, I have been a Henry George man. . . .

BOLTON HALL

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor:

I have read Ida M. Tarbell's article, "New Dealers of the 'Seventies, Henry George and Edward Bellamy." I am at a loss to understand by what manner of reasoning Miss Tarbell associates these two.

George was an uncompromising individualist, while Bellamy was an extreme collectivist; they cannot both be right.

George found his remedy for involuntary poverty in the natural laws, with a decided appreciation of the various types of men that make up the world's population. He reasoned that Mother Earth is the source of supply of all wealth; that wealth was the product of labor applied to land; that Mother Earth, being the work of the Creator, could not be wealth; that therefore *all* men had an inalienable right to the use of land; and that the permanent use thereof was absolutely essential to society's needs.

That if the user of land paid into the public treasury the annual value of the land he used, to the exclusion of others, he would then reimburse society for its exclusion; that, having compensated society, he was entitled to the full product of his labors, to the exclusion of all.

That the monopoly of Mother Earth, private ownership, was the cause of lack of opportunity to the great masses thrown into competition among themselves for jobs; that private ownership begot land speculation, the direct cause of industrial depressions.

Bellamy's idea was state ownership of Mother Earth and all wealth. He presumed an altruistic population, ignored the mixture of civilized, uncivilized, and savage in the make-up of present-day peoples, the tools with which he had to build his Utopia. . . .

Bellamy's Utopia could not be built with such tools. He needed a type of people that is so small numerically, in modern times, that it was necessary to

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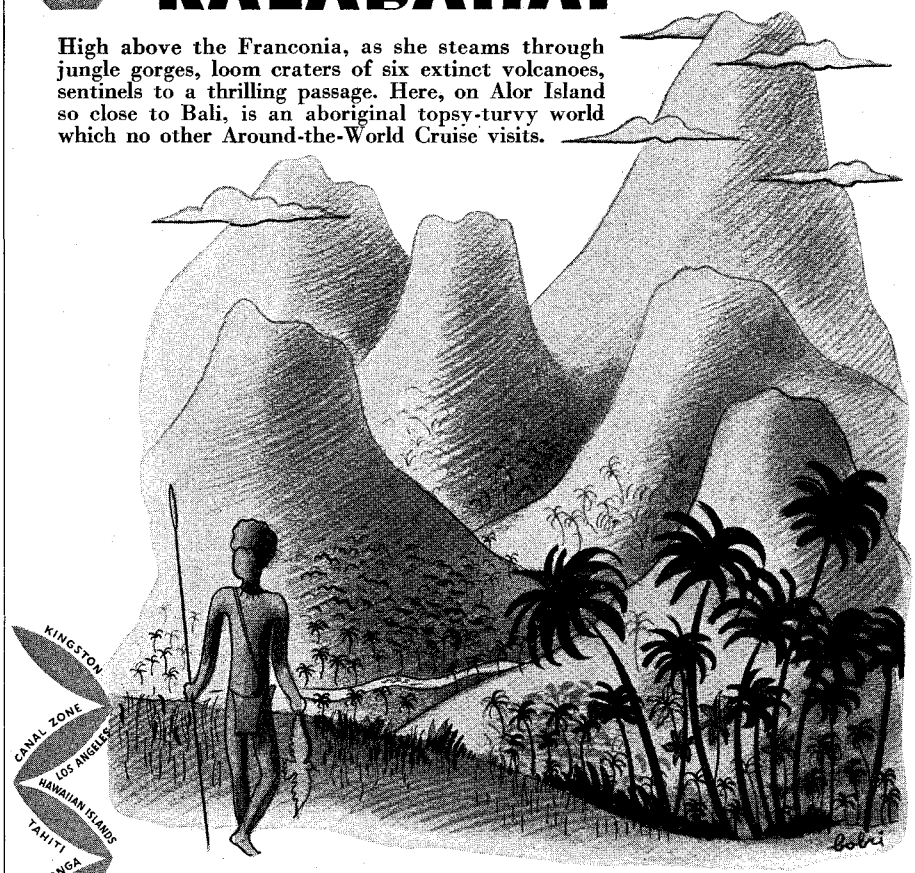

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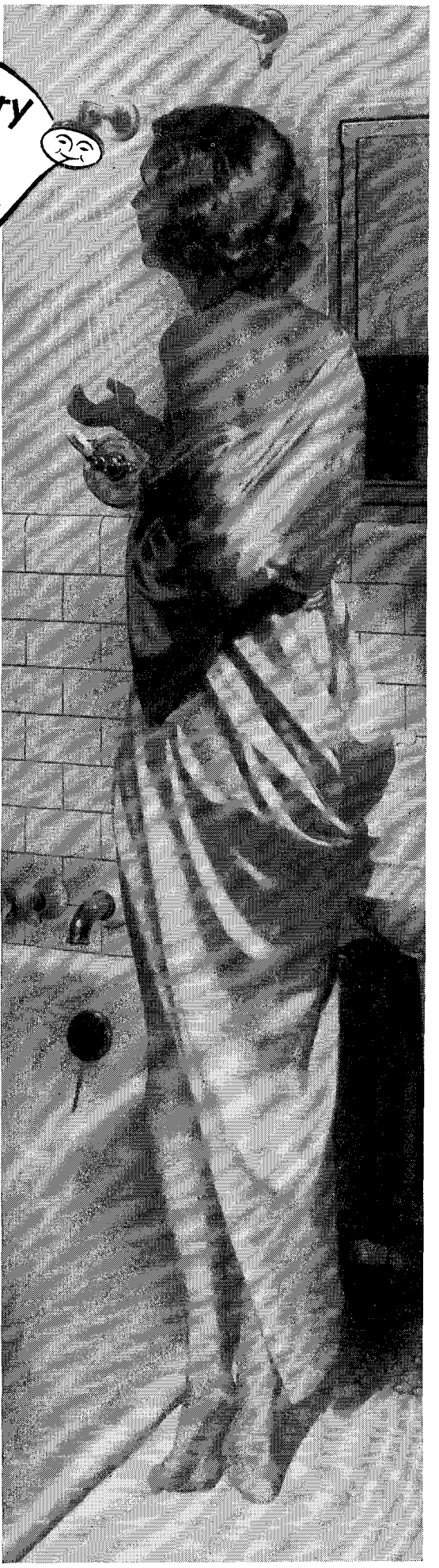

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This may seem a "little thing". Many hotels do not provide it. But it is further proof of how Statler Hotels accept, as a duty, the constant protection of your health and comfort . . . the provision of every feature essential to *complete* satisfaction.

While we're in the bathroom, let's look at some other "little things". There's a towel hook placed at convenient height so you won't have to grope overhead with water dripping from your hands and face ... a water mixer valve to regulate the temperature of the shower with a simple twist of your wrist. The shower itself is something you've probably taken for granted ...but few hotels have followed the Statlers' lead *in providing a shower in every bath.*

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Ernest McDowell

PRESIDENT

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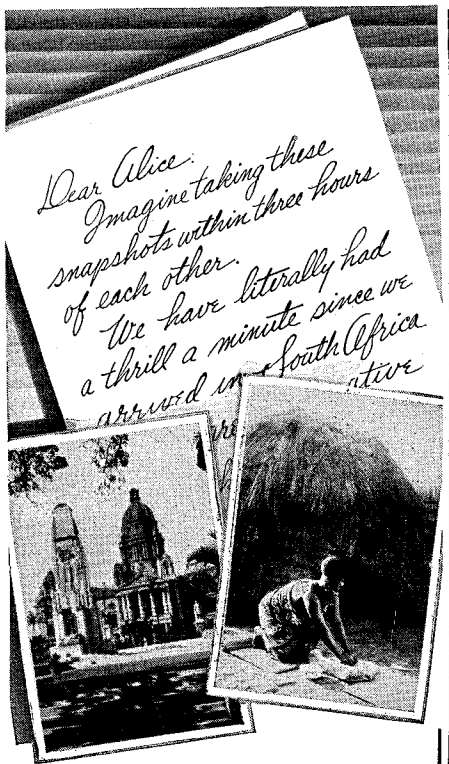

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OUR ROSTRUM

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George and Bellamy were as far apart as the two poles.

ALBERT E. SCHALKENBACH
Queens Village, N. Y.

SANE AND SOUND

To the Editor:

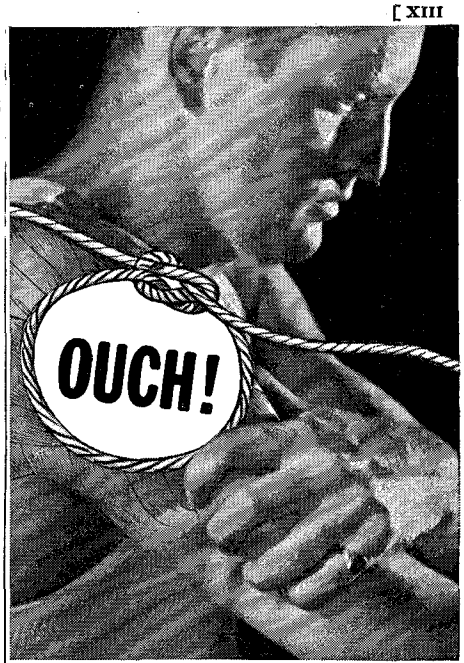
I have read with real interest the article by Dr. Mohr on "Heredity and Human Affairs," published in the August number of THE FORUM. So much of a sensational nature has been and is published about human heredity by alleged scientists that a careful research worker like Dr. Mohr, as well as a journal of the standing of THE FORUM, could hardly be criticized for avoiding the topic in public discussion. All the more, therefore, is THE FORUM to be congratulated, and Dr. Mohr to be commended for this genetically sane and sound article. I predict that it will not satisfy some writers on "popular" eugenics nor greatly excite some of your readers who are accustomed to the more sensational current articles, but it will be good for both these classes.

R. A. EMERSON
Ithaca, N. Y.

YOUTH'S DILEMMA

To the Editor:

It was to be hoped that Mr. J. H. Tompkins ["Some Cry Chaos," July FORUM] would bring to the discussion of youth's dilemma both understanding and something suggestive of a solution; instead, he brought only a stale assortment of epithets and invectives and a mediocre ability to use them. His idea of curing chaotic world conditions seems to be to denounce young people for seeing things as they are: *we* are responsible for our present plight; we have deliberately "abandoned" ourselves to "meaningless hysteria"; and we're of a breed of "intellectual masochists" anyway, not to mention "congenital futilists." Note the adjective, "congenital"! The depression and attendant disasters had nothing to do with our plight; we were born wrong in the beginning! Such is the length to which Mr. Tompkins goes in trying to put the blame on our *state of mind*, rather than the conditions which caused that state of mind. So far from offering us a way out, Mr. Tompkins only thickens the fog with vague generalities and a lot of ridiculous Pollyanna talk about the alleged immortality of the race and the enormous possibilities of the unemployed young men of 1934 all being employed and sodden in luxurious complacency in 1936. Doubtless the trouble with young men is that they



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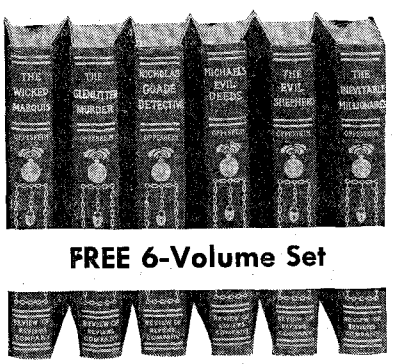

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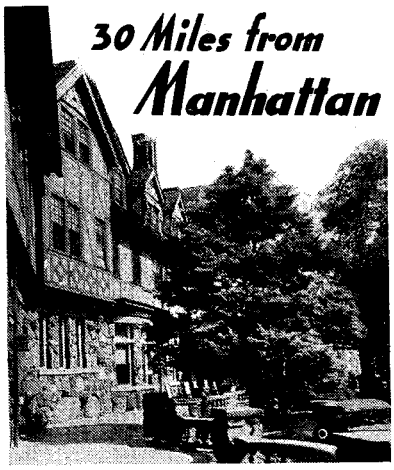

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OUR ROSTRUM

don't take Mr. Tompkins for their Moses and let him lead them out of the wilderness. One cannot help but think that our failure to recognize that he has the knowledge and ability to show us the way out has a great deal to do with the rancor of his attack on our intellectual integrity, not to mention sanity.

DAN W. GILBERT

Hollywood, Calif.

To the Editor:

. . . I belong to that annoying branch of femininity that has taken seriously that old business of woman's right to the last word, and your arrogant Mr. J. H. Tompkins' article in the July FORUM cries frantically for just such treatment.

"Some Cry Chaos," answered Mr. Tompkins to "The Young Man's Dilemma" [June FORUM], by Dan W. Gilbert, and explained his thesis in a glowing essay. Profoundly stirred by his beautiful rhetoric and masterful logic, I sat entranced, dreaming vicariously of worlds for young men to conquer.

After a night's sleep and a night's think, the opiate having worn off, I am astonished to discover that we have not yet disposed of the young man's dilemma. There it *is*. Economic insecurity. One awakens to the cold reality that there are too few jobs, too few openings; that the possession of ideals, intelligence, and the will to do are small guarantee of the opportunity to place oneself. One is forced to admit that, while Mr. Gilbert sits and cries and Mr. Tompkins glows and shouts, the young man's dilemma is still solidly and stubbornly there.

MRS. N. D. JACOBSON

San Francisco, Calif.

SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

To the Editor:

I've just finished reading . . . "Soldiers of Fortune, 1934" [reprinted from "Patriotism before Profits," June Editorial Foreword] in the current "Reader's Digest." I'm wondering if you would have the decency to give space to the other side of the question. From the inexcusable misstatement and viciousness of your article, I would judge not.

W. EARL HALL

Mason City, Ia.

Upon receiving a request from the Editor for permission to quote the above letter in "Our Rostrum," Mr. Hall wrote as follows:

The report I get from those who have had dealings with you is that you emasculate contributed letters to such an extent that they are scarcely recognizable. Unless, therefore, you are willing to do the decent thing — give space to a fair presentation of the other side of the story in your miserable campaign of misrepresentation against the World War veteran

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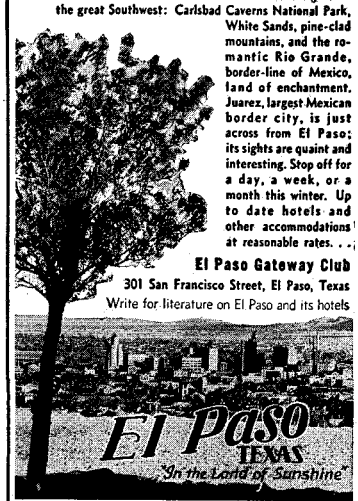

October Where-To-Go is concluded on page XVI

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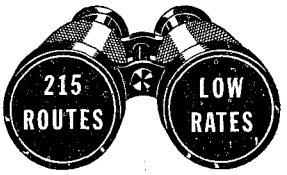

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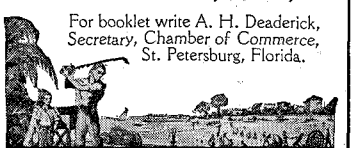

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OUR ROSTRUM

— I should prefer to have you ignore the correspondence that has passed between us.

Because of limited space, it is frequently necessary to omit portions of contributed letters. The alternative is to print a much smaller total number. But no letter is so printed without indication of omissions or the statement that it is an excerpt.

In an effort to do "the decent thing," we publish herewith excerpts from a few letters in opposition to the Editor's stand. Such communications are in the minority by something more than three to one.

W. H. Adams, Stone Mountain, Va.:

Soldiers are compelled to offer their lives to prosecute a war which they in no way brought about. Wars are the result of the competition of the powerful, monied interests of the quarreling nations. These same powers are the very ones that profit by wars. The whole cost of the war falls upon all the people, but the most burdensome part upon the poor or working people. Now, after the war is ended, those same men who shouted themselves hoarse when the soldiers marched away, that nothing would be too good for them when they returned, object to paying an income tax to pay these soldiers a pension.

I was a soldier in the Spanish War. I saw my comrades die like flies in the pest-ridden camp in Jacksonville. Sick soldiers were so poorly cared for that they were fly-blown lying upon their cots unconscious. I saw so many fly eggs at the corners of sick soldiers' mouths that the deposit made a yellow spot.

If the rich people had to fight their own wars I would have no objection to their managing the after matters. But —

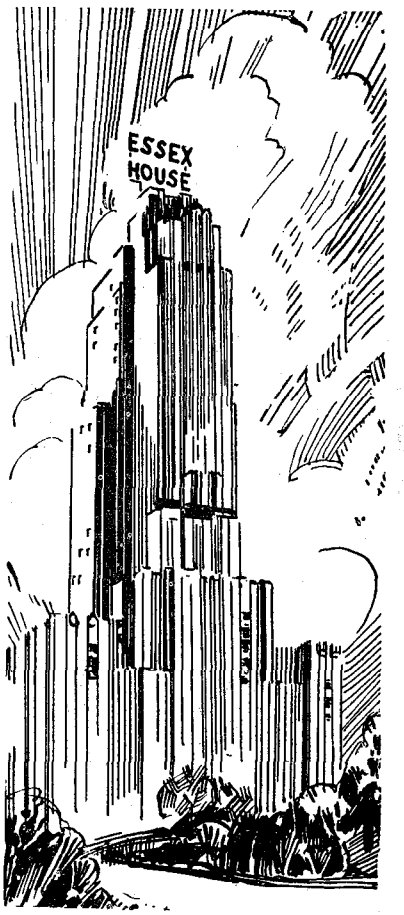
M. H. Johnson, Fountain City, Wis.:

Don't blame the veterans for asking for good pay for services, unless you attack ten times as hard the traitors who, as dollar-a-year men, sold this country into the condition it is in to-day.

And don't forget that responsible governmental officials promised the soldiers good full measure of reward for fighting their battles for them. Take a crack at those who promised. It was convenient for a government to promise anything in wartime and it is now convenient for the wealthy class to oppose paying on its promises.

Ben H. Page, Chicago, Ill.:

How about the soldier who had striven hard for years to establish himself in a profitable and respectable business, and, when he has finally accomplished it, someone comes along and tells him to leave his business, his home, and his family and go to the front? Do you mean to maintain there is no obligation on the part of the government for that man's fate?



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TOASTS

WILLIAM MCFEE, like Joseph Conrad, is a seaman turned sailor. He has been chief engineer of half a dozen passenger ships, and most of his early books (he has published sixteen) were written in the narrow cabins allotted him on board these vessels.

ANTOINETTE GILMAN says she belongs to the current crop of depression writers who found themselves forced into literary effort by sheer economic necessity. This is her second FORUM article.

ELIZABETH MORROW, the widow of one of America's most respected statesmen, has several books to her credit and is a frequent contributor of both articles and verse to leading magazines.

EDWARD ANGLY is a newspaper man and a former foreign correspondent for the Associated Press.

MARY M. COLUM has just returned to New York after a summer at the McDowell Colony in New Hampshire.

CHARLES M. KINSOLVING joined the French army as a private in 1916, later transferring to the A. E. F. He is a member of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion and helped, in 1932, to organize the American Veterans Association, of which he is National Commander.

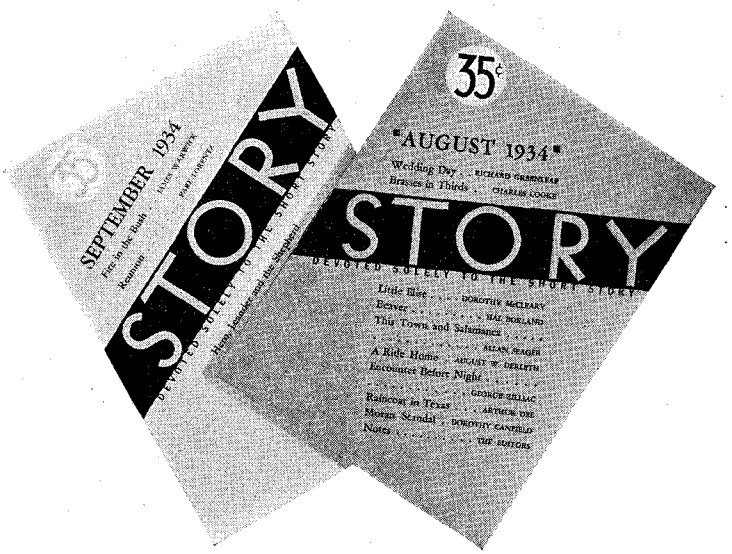
ERNEST R. GROVES startled the academic world by initiating at the University of North Carolina the first college course in the problems of marriage. He is the author of numerous books on sociology, mental hygiene, and marriage.

JOSEPH AUSLANDER has been writing poetry ever since his undergraduate days at Harvard, when Amy Lowell took him — a fledgling poet — under her wing. He has been variously acclaimed as "the white hope of American poetry" and "the Homer of our day."

ERNEST SEEMAN suspects that his mixed German, French, and Canadian ancestry may account for the varied pattern of his career. Switching from business to university life, he became Editor of the psychological journal "Character and Personality," published at Duke University. In spite of his academic surroundings, Mr. Seeman confesses to a vigorous scorn of diplomas and the "educational machine."

PEGGY ALBION is a native of North Carolina and a graduate of George Washington and Columbia Universities. She lives in Southern Pines, North Carolina.

IRVING STONE was born in San Francisco and relates that he put himself through high school by doing odd jobs, which included driving a vegetable wagon. He paid his way through the University of California with the aid of a saxophone and, since his graduation, has tried his hand at teaching economics and writing short stories and plays. He has just published a novel, *Lust for Life*, based on the life of Vincent Van Gogh, and is now in the throes of another.



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Next Month

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WHY PEOPLE STRIKE

Elinore M. Herrick

The Regional Director of the New York Labor Board writes the story of labor under the New Deal. Closely and sympathetically familiar with the causes of both sides in labor disputes, Mrs. Herrick could not be better qualified to point out the lines on which this most urgent national issue can be successfully met.

IN TAXCO'S SUN

Elizabeth Morrow

The widow of America's well-remembered Ambassador to Mexico writes a vivid and humorous account of a visit to the little Mexican hill town of Taxco in 1928.

ARE WE "PSYCHIC" BEINGS?

J. B. Rhine

Four years ago the most elaborate series of studies ever made of telepathy and clairvoyance was set afoot at Duke University. While admitting that the exciting adventure "out into space" has only just begun, the author claims that the remarkable discoveries made fully justify the belief that the human mind is the greatest field of high adventure now left for thrill-seeking men.

COWS AND OTHER THINGS

Guy G. Stevens

A veterinarian who has been around for quite a while does a bit of reminiscing. Mr. Stevens' delightful sense of humor gives his yarning a deal of interest, human as well as animal.

UNEMPLOYMENT CAN BE GAINFUL

J. Blake Lowe

Modern methods of industry have guaranteed our present civilization an army of jobless men as a more or less permanent disease. We are faced with the task of seeking a definite cure or continuing to inject opiates in large "doles" until the patient becomes an addict. The author presents a sound and refreshingly novel plan for "profitable unemployment."

BLUNDERING TOWARD CITIZENSHIP

Charles H. Seaver

Training for citizenship has always been regarded as a central purpose of education. But in a period when long-cherished ideals and theories of government seem in a fair way to modification, if they remain at all, what are we to teach our children? Mr. Seaver sees three possible courses.

DISSECTING THE INCOME TAX

P. W. Wilson

Both the United States and Great Britain are faced with the task of raising an enormous revenue, two fifths of which is derived from income tax. Here is a simple, readable discussion of the chief points of difference in the tax and its administration on the two sides of the Atlantic.

OTHER FEATURES

"The Price of the New Deal," by Arthur Morgan; "Humble Lives in the Ozarks," by Alice Curtice Moyer-Wing; "The Birthday," a short story, by Koni Fine.

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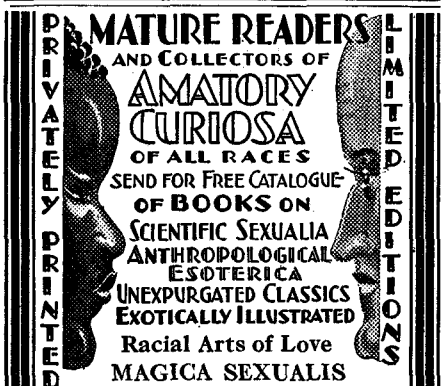

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THE BOOK PARADE

BY EDITH H. WALTON

BLACK MONASTERY, by Aladar Kuncz (Harcourt, Brace, $2.75). A gentle Hungarian schoolmaster who loved France and her culture, Aladar Kuncz was summering in Brittany when the war broke out. He was promptly interned as an enemy alien, and the account of his long imprisonment has certain elements more ghastly than any tale from the trenches. His first two years were spent at Noirmoutier, a grim, dank island fortress known as the Black Monastery, and his second two at another island prison which was even more forbidding. Filth, overcrowding, monotony, and cruel petty tyranny were his daily portion. He saw men degenerate before his eyes, succumb to drink and perversion, and frequently go mad. He joined in their pitiful efforts to wring some kind of solace from the ignominy of their lot. This is a terrible and unforgettable book, studded with incisive sketches of Kuncz's fellow prisoners and remarkable in its analysis of what happens to men's minds and spirits under conditions so unnatural — with the educated and the brutal herded indiscriminately together. *Black Monastery* has a grisly, nightmare quality, but it is written with such power that one never for a moment doubts its truth.

NOW IN NOVEMBER, by Josephine Johnson (Simon & Schuster, $2.00). This singularly beautiful first novel should be accounted one of the major finds of 1934. Mature, intense, and powerfully poetic, it is the story of a family, the Haldmarnes, who came from the city to a lonely midwestern farm and there struggled for a decade against poverty and the menace of their own temperaments. Loving the hills and the fertile earth as they did, the three Haldmarne girls had a relatively happy childhood. Dark trouble began to close in on them, however, as they grew older, and in their tenth summer on the farm a blistering drought added to their misfortunes, heightened the tension of their lives, and helped to precipitate the madness which had always threatened the eldest daughter. Miss Johnson's novel is at once an extraordinary evocation of farm life and a study of the strange interplay between solitary and highly individual spirits. Coming from a girl of twenty-four, it is almost unbelievably good and has that rare quality of timelessness which is the mark of first-rate fiction.

ONE'S COMPANY, by Peter Fleming (Scribner, $2.75). Just to prove that *Brazilian Adventure* was no accident, young Mr. Fleming of Eton and England has written another unconventional travel book, as impudent and finely witty as his first. This time he went to China, with a commission wrested from the London *Times*, and though he complains that danger and excitement persistently eluded him, a polite skepticism is in order. The Trans-Siberian Luxury Express was derailed and wrecked whilst he was a passenger; in Manchukuo he joined a bandit-hunting expedition which scoured the lonely mountain districts in constant peril of ambush; in Red China he wangled his way with difficulty to the outposts of the anti-communist front and learned, as few foreigners have, what was really happening there. He interviewed Henry Pu Yi and Marshal Chiang Kai-Shek, and was entertained by a host of minor officials whose outlooks and peculiarities he reports with impish glee. His adventures in China, to be sure, were slightly less sensational than his expedition to Brazil, but Mr. Fleming is so constituted that he could fashion a grand comic travel yarn out of a trip round Manhattan Island or to Niagara Falls.

LUST FOR LIFE, by Irving Stone (Longmans, Green, $2.50). To build a novel out of actual biography is not an easy task — especially when the subject is so complex and vital a figure as the artist, Vincent Van Gogh. The facts of that strange, fanatic, and curiously noble career have already been thoroughly publicized by Meier-Graefe and others, but Mr. Stone, without in any way departing from the known truth, has so expanded and interpreted them that Van Gogh lives again with a flaming intensity usually impossible for the biographer to compass. The restless days of his youth, his evangelical labors among the wretched miners of the Borinage, his early struggles as an artist in The Hague, his first releasing contact with the Impressionists in Paris — all this sequence of episodes is related in detail and with sympathetic warmth. Van Gogh was always something of an outcast. In order to fulfill himself at the painting which was his passion, he had to forfeit wealth, comfort, social position, the support of his family — save for his brother, Theo — and the hope of marriage and fatherhood. His health was already wrecked in his twenties by poverty and neglect, and madness darkened his final days and killed him before he was forty. In those last years at Arles, however, keyed high by the mistral and the blazing sun, he came into his own after years of

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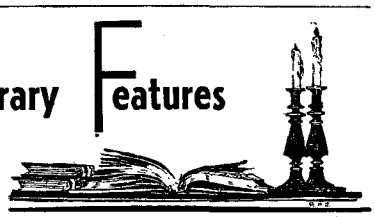

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struggle and discouragement and was able to say, when he died so cruelly, that his work at least had been done. It is an extraordinary, a moving story, and Mr. Stone — though his transitions are sometimes abrupt and his narrative diffuse — has retold it with a sensitiveness and insight for which one can be only grateful. A bad novel about Van Gogh would have been intolerable. *Lust for Life* is more successful than anyone could possibly have predicted.

FONTAMARA, by Ignazio Silone (Smith & Haas, $2.50). In this brilliantly effective little novel — the best thing to come out of Italy in years — fascism, though its name is rarely mentioned, takes as drastic a drubbing as its most ardent enemies could wish. The simple, ignorant peasants of Fontamara, a remote hill village in the southern Apennines, knew nothing of politics and economics and almost as little of the government which mysteriously harassed their lives. They knew only the immediate things — that they were being starved, overtaxed, defrauded of their livelihood, and cheated at every turn by those who were craftier than they. When they staged a rebellion against the might of Rome itself, it was with no consciousness of the significance of their gesture, and they were pathetically bewildered by the vengeance which overtook them. Silone's book is a skillful and curious blend of satiric humor and tragedy. The delicious *naïveté* of the peasants, the pungent salty quality of their speech, the absurdity of their behavior blind one at first to the fact that an iron seriousness underlies Silone's comedy. He is attacking both the sloth and stupidity of the small farmers and the brutality of the government, and his novel is no less sad and devastating because it happens to have a pervasive charm.

TURKESTAN REUNION, by Eleanor Holgate Lattimore (John Day, $2.75). Whether or not one agrees that Central Asia is the perfect place for a wedding trip, there is no doubting the zest which Mrs. Lattimore brought to her adventures. After only six months of marriage, she and Owen Lattimore — who is something of an authority on Mongolia, — agreed to travel by separate routes to a remote Siberian town near the border of Chinese Turkestan, there to continue their journey together through country almost unknown to white men. Not surprisingly, their plans miscarried, and Mrs. Lattimore, in the sole company of a Chinese courier, had to travel seventeen days by sledge before re-encountering her husband. For her this long, icy, desperately uncomfortable trip was the most difficult of her experiences. Once with her

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THE FOLLOWING form, or a duplicate, should be attached to all entries. (*See page 280.*)

NAME_____

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FORM* OF POEM_____

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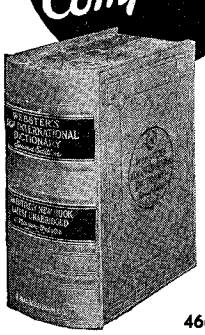

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husband again, she could discount the frequent hardships of their trek across Chinese Turkestan and over dizzy Himalayan passes into India. Written in the form of casual letters to her family, Mrs. Lattimore's book has charm, vivacity, humor, and a complete lack of self-consciousness. It teaches one much strange lore, but the lessons are painless and informal. Because it is so unusual and so engaging, *Turkestan Reunion* can be recommended even to those who do not ordinarily care for travel books.

THE FOLKS, by Ruth Suckow (Farrar & Rinehart, $3.00). An inquiring foreigner, anxious to understand the Middle West or, indeed, middle-class America, could turn to no better source book than *The Folks*. Upon this long, amply detailed novel Ruth Suckow has lavished all her intimate knowledge of small-town Iowa and its ways. The Fergusons are typical in every sense: they had been born on a farm but had moved into town; they are prosperous but not wealthy; they have prejudices linked to a pious code but are not unduly narrow-minded. None of their four children repeats the pattern by which "the folks" have lived — some diverging only a little, some frankly rebelling — and even the elder Fergusons modify their habits of thought and life during the post-war years. They remain, however, part of a sturdy, solid tradition which Miss Suckow admires but which she recognizes as losing its hold. So casual a synopsis, of course, does not begin to convey the quality of this richly realistic novel, so vivid and photographically exact in all its details, wider in scope and more substantial than any of Miss Suckow's previous books. *The Folks* has body and warmth and, despite its seven hundred odd pages, is continuously interesting.

FRANZ ANTON MESMER, by Margaret Goldsmith (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). The word "mesmerism" is a familiar one, but its origin is probably a mystery to many of the people who use it so glibly. Franz Anton Mesmer was a Viennese doctor, gentle, kindly, but pertinacious, who disrupted the medical world of the eighteenth century by his singular theories of healing. Official medicine, having just freed itself from dark superstition, was outraged by Mesmer and the apparent charlatanry of his system of animal magnetism, but the fame of his cures spread over Europe, and, after his death, others took up and elaborated his discoveries. Mesmer, though he did not know it and never appreciated the rôle of mental suggestion in his cures, was the father of modern psychotherapy and the father, also, of such offshoots as Christian Science and Freudianism. Miss

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Goldsmith's book, at once a biography and a history of the later development of mesmerism, is an excellent and engrossing piece of work, lucid but not too technical, full of curious facts and anecdotes, and as delightfully written as her biography of Christina of Sweden.

THE ANTEROOM, by Kate O'Brien (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). Although her range is more restricted, Miss O'Brien's new novel has an intensity and a romantic charm quite equal to *Without My Cloak*. The scene, again, is Mellick, Ireland; the time is 1880; the Mulqueens are cousins to the Considines. As Teresa Mulqueen lies dying of cancer, with doctors and priests hovering about her bedside, the members of her household are torn by conflicting passions which even the presence of imminent death cannot subdue. Agnes Mulqueen and her sister's husband have at last been forced to acknowledge their love for one another and, concerned as she is for her dying mother, Agnes has somehow to resolve the desperate conflict between religion, duty, and desire. This is the central, though not the only, theme, of a book distinguished for its sensitiveness and its delicate insight. Like the Considines, the characters in the book are both glamorous and oddly contemporary. *The Anteroom* is something more, and better, than a period novel, and it owes little of its enchantment to the trappings of late Victorianism.

MY SHADOW AS I PASS, by Sybil Bolitho (Viking, $2.50). In a book which barely pretends to be fiction, the wife of the late William Bolitho has told the story of her marriage to that strange, brilliant, unpredictable journalist, who was known to American readers largely through his column in the *World*. Those who knew him must judge whether the John of her story is a true likeness of Bolitho, but certainly he has a vitality and a uniqueness which would lead one to believe that the portrait is just. Sybil Bolitho's novel is so desperately intense and personal that it is hard to judge it impartially. It is a little overwrought, of course, but it is required reading for all who knew and admired Bolitho's work.

LUMINOUS ISLE, by Eliot Bliss (Farrar & Rinehart, $2.50). Haiti, with its glittering color and languorous airs, is the background for this story of a young English girl who returned after twelve years' absence to the island where she was born. Em Hibbert knew that she would hate the conventional social routine of the military post where her father was stationed, but nevertheless she was drawn back irresistibly to the West Indies. Em was an individualist, a supersensitive, brooding, fiercely honest girl whose demands on life were too rigorous to make easy adjustment possible. Her story, as Miss Bliss writes it, has a tense, introspective quality, but it is well handled in a subtle prose appropriate to the theme.

THE MAKER OF SIGNS, by Whit Burnett (Smith & Haas, $2.00). Hitherto best known as the Editor of "Story," Mr. Burnett has established equal claims to distinction by the publication of his first book. The short stories in *The Maker of Signs* are richly various in mood, subject matter, and technique. Some deal robustly with native American material, some with expatriates abroad; many are frankly autobiographical in tone. All, however, are written with cool clarity and incisiveness and, despite surface differences, are obviously the expression of an integrated and interesting personality.

THE PASSING CHAPTER, by Shane Leslie (Scribner, $2.00). Cleverly, even jazzily, written, this is an impressionistic survey of what has been happening in England since the war. Manners, morals, and dress; art, advertising, and literature; politics, religion, and sport — all these are subjected to Mr. Leslie's scrutiny and somewhat jaundiced wit. His final conclusions are pessimistic, and he appears to lay much of the blame on the substitution of the American hot bath for the manly and invigorating cold tub. Mr. Leslie is a little too fond of easy wisecracks, and some of his references will be quite obscure to American readers. Nevertheless his book is diverting and remarkably all-inclusive.

THE WORLD AS I SEE IT, by Albert Einstein (Covici-Friede, $2.50). This carefully chosen compilation of articles, addresses, and letters offers the first adequate key to an unusually fine and likable personality. The scientific section, which includes an explanation of the theory of relativity, may be slightly above the layman's head, but the balance of the book should be pure gold for all comers. Einstein reveals himself, in every line he writes, as a passionately courageous defender of human freedom and integrity — an ardent champion of the Jewish race, a sworn foe of militarism, an opponent of fascism, nationalist excesses, and the hysteria now current in Germany. He writes with charm, simplicity, and humor and leaves one in no doubt that, in addition to being a great scientist, he is a very great man.

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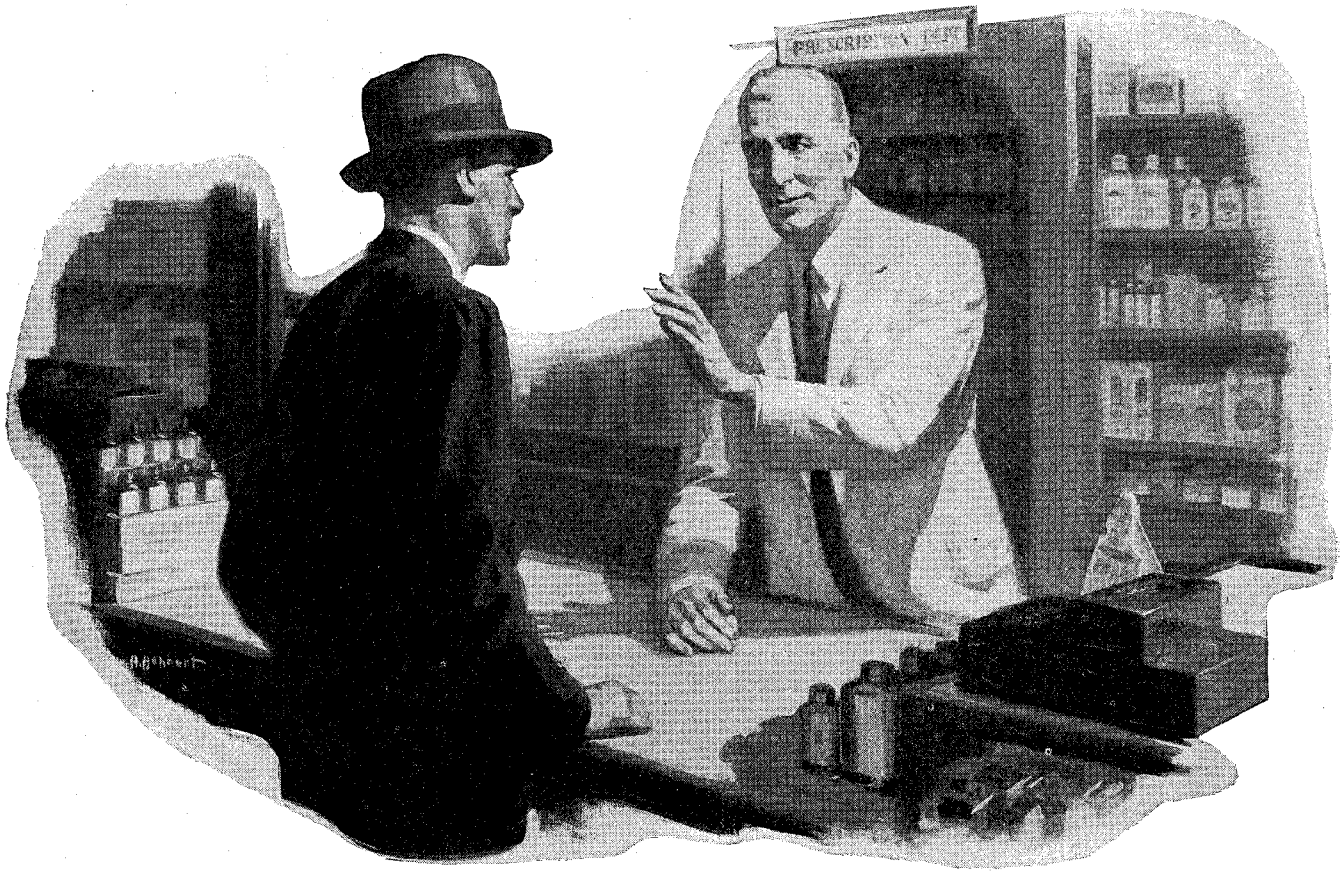

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THE symptoms of appendicitis vary. Almost always, continued pain and tenderness in the abdomen are the first indications of an acutely inflamed appendix. Of course, not all intestinal aches are caused by appendicitis, but anyone who has continued, unrelieved abdominal pain, especially if it is accompanied by nausea or vomiting, needs competent medical attention at the earliest possible moment and not self-medication.

If it is appendicitis the use of a laxative is dangerous. It stimulates violent intestinal action and may spread the inflammation, cause the appendix to rupture, or induce peritonitis. Moreover, the sufferer should not be given food, drugs or medicine of any kind unless prescribed by the attending physician.

Send for your doctor immediately if there is any suspicion of appendicitis. In making his diagnosis he may find it necessary to make one or more blood cell counts or to observe your temperature for a few hours, keeping you quietly in bed under close observation.

Your doctor may decide that the attack does not clearly denote appendicitis and can be relieved without an operation. But if it is a clear case of acute appendicitis, he will probably recommend an operation within the shortest possible time.

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